

fantasy newsletter



No. 21

February 1980

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Editorial Page

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1980! Somehow it doesn't seem possible, but as I type this that date is little more than two weeks away. What an aura those numbers have to them, certainly for science fiction fans, conjuring up images of Orwell's nightmare society. If we're lucky and our government rearranges a few of its priorities, perhaps we will actually witness the predicted Third Industrial Revolution in this decade. And think of how many practicing fantasy and SF writers will celebrate their 50th anniversaries of professional writing in this decade: Fritz Leiber, L. Sprague de Camp, Manly Wade Wellman (his 60th), Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, E. Hoffman Price (his 60th, too), Robert Bloch, Frank Belknap Long (again, his 60th), and Hugh B. Cave (interviewed this issue) just to name a few.

Certainly an auspicious date for the cover of a new magazine devoted to the field. Early response to the January issue -- the first in this magazine format -- has been very enthusiastic. As you will note, there is no letters column this issue; with slower second class mail, it takes longer for feedback to reach me. If you haven't written, please do. I'm anxious to know what you like and don't like about the new *FN*. And I'm equally interested in knowing what you would like to see here that isn't here currently. One thing I would like to see is more book reviews. If you're an experienced book reviewer and would like to write for *FN*, drop me a line. Include a sample review or two and an SASE.

The January issue, incidentally, was a complete sellout (I even had to turn down a late order for 100 copies) and is now out of print. Unfortunately, it was also late thanks to a blizzard that closed down my printer and half the state of Colorado. This issue goes to press December 17th, which means you will be receiving your copy during or shortly after the holidays. I hope they're very happy ones for you!

-- Paul C. Allen

News in Brief

Star Trek - The Motion Picture established a new box office record Monday, December 10th, grossing \$11,815,203 during its first three days in release at 859 theaters. It handily beat out the previous record-holder, *Superman*, by nearly \$1.5 million, according to an Associated Press wire story.

Forrest J. Ackerman has donated his priceless science fiction and fantasy collection, estimated at about 250,000 items, to the City of Los Angeles. L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley and the city librarian accepted the collection.

Artist Tim Kirk is assembling material for possible inclusion in a book of his artwork and would like help. Owners of Kirk originals are asked to contact him with descriptions or photo copies of the artwork. Tim Kirk, 1365 Spring

Valley Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80908.

New Starblaze editor Hank Stine has announced the names of many artists who will be doing covers for new Starblaze titles in the future. Included are Michael Whelan, Jack Gaughan, Steve Fabian, Mike Hinge, George Barr, Alfredo Alcala, Kenneth Smith, Barclay Shaw, C. Lee Healy, Paul Weiner, M. W. Carroll and Joe Littlejohn.

Nomination forms have been distributed for the second annual Balrog Awards, to be awarded at Fool-Con III, April 4-6, in Overland Park, Kansas. Nomination forms are available from Johnson Community College, College Blvd. at Quivira Road, Overland Park, KS 66210, and should be submitted no later than January 31, 1980.

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ON FANTASY

by Fritz Leiber

It's 1980, just! A good time, I sincerely hope, for me to begin a bimonthly column and take a look at the decade we're leaving.

Let's focus first on supernatural horror novels. In 1970 very few were being published, or had been in the 1960s. *Rosemary's Baby* was exception, not rule. There were, it's true, the Women's Gothics, which had been going about ten years then, but they had always been stereotyped, almost never attempted outsize lengths, and tended to emphasize the romance rather than the horror. (I've heard a publisher explain they sold chiefly to the newly-wed young woman, because they duplicated her situation: torn from her family home, bedevilled by mysterious, half-understood responsibilities and expectations, and living in a strange place with strangers, chief of them her husband.)

It used to be that the supernatural horror novel was notoriously the stumbling block in that field. The shorter ghostly lengths worked, but the tricky atmosphere of such a book, the mood of otherworldliness and fear, along with the willing suspension of disbelief, seemed extremely difficult to maintain beyond novelette length. Even the occasional success by big names tended to be short novels -- novellas, really, such as Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jenny*, James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, and (I suppose one might go back to) James' *The Turn of the Screw*.

Sometimes the trick could be done by melding the fantasy with the detective story -- one thinks of Dorothy Hughes's *The So Blue Marble*, Alexander Laing's *The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck*, and several tales by John Dickson Carr, such as *The Crooked Rings* and *It Walks By Night* -- though in these cases, the penalty was usually that the supernatural element turn out to be the result of clever trickery (Mrs. Radcliffe often made similar concessions to rationality); not always, though -- there is Carr's *The Burning Court*.

Now, in 1980, publication of supernatural horror novels, many of them huge, some by name authors and many heavily promoted, has increased five- or ten-fold, I'd judge.

The reasons of course are many. First, interest in witchcraft and the occult, which was growing rapidly in 1970 and taking on the proportions of a craze, which led among other things to the writing of several quasi-documentary novels, with varying mixtures of testified-to fact and fictions, about famous haunted houses, cases of demonic possession, etc., such as *The Exorcist* and *The Amityville Horror*. The quasi-historical nature of such material makes it easier to sustain suspense during long recountings, and also excuses their length.

And then, of course, there was the amazing success of the filmed version of *The Exorcist* in 1974. I'll wager that that January at least a hundred writers sat down to compose long novels of demonic possession suitable for filming (come to think of it, I did myself that summer, though my demon was a somewhat scrappy, patchy thing and I was never confident about the filming part), and that perhaps twenty-five of those carried through on it in a year or two. So there grew up a mutual stimulation and fertilization of films and books. It worked in both directions: the films got more careful and costlier; the books got longer.

This had several results. Seeing the films made from books, writers became more aware of the visual aspects of their work. This led to competition in special-effects scenes for climaxes, sometimes excessive, but at least making for novelty and more careful orchestration of climaxes. This also showed the importance of setting in creating atmosphere, and longer descriptions led to longer books. Think of how much space Stephen King devotes in *The Shining* (to be released this year as a Kubrick film) to describing the nastily luxurious winter-bound old resort hotel, its evil

ghost guests, its maniacal malevolent heating plant, and its sinister topiary.

Most important of all, I think, authors saw that their principal characters had to be on screen for a couple of hours and they couldn't spend all that time being actively battered by the supernatural. They had to be real people with motives and tensions of their own, or the audience wouldn't be interested in what happened to them. In fact, it turned out to be a good idea to have them under pressure from the start in their personal lives, the supernatural aside; it provided ready-made tensions; they'd react faster to the film's weird phenomena.

Think how, in *The Shining*, from the very start Jack Torrance is deviled by a dozen horrid guilts and hair-trigger angers, while his pallid wife Wendy and psionic small son Danny are already terrified of him.

I won't say that it came down always to the cold-cut rule of: Have your people in so much trouble and make them such "hurters" and "ragers" that you'd have a film even without the supernatural; but it certainly tended in that direction. And it certainly made for longer novels, as long as anyone could ever want or need.

It was mostly here, I do believe, that length ceased to be a stumbling block in the supernatural story. Let's face it, the early-century masters in this field were interested chiefly in the weird phenomena of their tales and didn't spend much time in underlining and elaborately bastioning the reality of their characters. Often these were deeply interested in the weird to start with: one thinks of Blackwood's psychic detective John Silence, of Lovecraft's wise old scholars and scientist-adventurers deeply versed in the weirdness of *The Necronomicon*, and of Machen's two somewhat precocious amateurs of literature, Philips and Dyson, who rambled about London, God help us, in search of the weird and wonderful. (I myself think this last is utterly delightful, but

surely the appeal is somewhat limited? It was all a touch snobbish.)

Another thing. Films make their premises visually, rather than by arguing away the reader's incredulities; they show instead of explain. It almost becomes a "like it or lump it" technique. The camera says, "There they are right before your eyes. Don't you see them? Don't you believe? It's so vivid." I seem to find a similar technique in Stephen King's stories in *Night Shift*: tales such as "Sometimes They Come Back" (The evil dead can sometimes return in the flesh and do havoc; no explanation), "Children of the Corn" (The children in a Nebraska town kill all the adults and live for ten years worshipping a corn god without a soul in the rest of the U.S.A. catching on and living to spread the alarm) -- and quite a bit of the action in *Salem's Lot*, too. Faced with the need to bolster up an impossible or near-impossible situation, he'll not use up space in cobbling together explanations; he'll employ the wordage instead to intensify the situation itself and his characters' reactions to it, make this so real-seeming that we just have to believe. Aim at convincing the eye and the other senses (especially smell and touch) and the feelings, not the mind.

One more possible point (not filmic this time) about increased length. Take *Salem's Lot*. King writes a good deal of the book from the viewpoint of the Lot, meaning all the people in that Maine town. He clearly likes these quirky folk: the Amazonian landlady who makes herself four-egg breakfasts, the teenage mother who bats her baby in the eye when he yowls or dirties because she simply can't contain herself, the bitter and kinky-minded old schoolbus driver, who puts kids off the bus for whispering ... He enjoys writing about them, and so he does just that, at some length, trusting his supernatural story is strong enough to carry this (from one point of view) superfluous material. Is this a hint that we might be returning toward the looser early-Victorian supernatural novel structure, such as LeFanu's *Uncle Silas*, where a chapter or two develop the book's ghostly theme, then several chapters advance the romances and woes and let the comedians and eccentrics do their stuff, then back to the supernatural for another episode, and so on? I rather doubt it, but it's an interesting thought.

In his well-written introduction to *Night Shift* (By now you'll have guessed, I'm sure, that I spent quite a bit of the autumn of 1979

catching up on King; his being co-Guest of Honor at the World Fantasy Con in Providence the same week his *Dead Zone* topped the *New York Times* best-seller list was the persuader), John D. MacDonald praises King's short stories circumspectly, so far as their supernatural subject matter is concerned. About that he says, "The fact that he presently enjoys writing in the field of spooks and spells and slitherings in the cellar is to me the least important and useful fact about the man anyone can relate." MacDonald explains the why of this: "The main thing is story," genre being of less importance by comparison. He and King are alike in making story paramount; he contrasts their works with "inept and pretentious and sensational books published by household names who have never really bothered to learn their craft." MacDonald goes on to predict "Stephen King is not going to restrict himself to his present field of intense interest" and to single out for especial praise a story with "hairy a rustle nor breath of other worlds in it."

Now understand, MacDonald's attitude doesn't upset me. I can even agree with much of what he says. And I think he does quite a neat job of making his own tastes clear without putting down the supernatural horror story in so many words.

But it does give me a pretext for saying something I've long wanted to about one of MacDonald's own books. Let me preface it by saying that I'm a long-time enthusiastic, re-reading fan of his Travis Magee novels, his other tough adventure-detective stories, and such outstanding mainstreamers as *A Flash of Green* and *Condominium*, that master description of hurricanes and how they do their destruction.

The Travis Magee book, *The Turquoise Lament*, begins with a newlywed young couple starting out alone on a solo (duo?) trip around the world in a very big motorboat, so big that in a way it's lonely even for two, although with the help of today's servo-mechanisms they can readily navigate and keep it shipshape. On a short early leg of their voyage they are accompanied by another young lady, a hitchhiker.

On the next leg of their trip the wife, herself unseen, spots the other young woman still aboard. Suspecting the obvious intrigue, the wife holds her peace. But she does take several snapshots of the intruder, herself still unseen.

When she has the films developed at the next port, there is no human figure in any of the snapshots.

There seem to be three possibilities: A) the husband has somehow switched, hounded the films; B) the wife is hallucinating, having a serious psychotic episode; C) there is a *visitant* aboard.

It's really a wonderful shivery situation: the lonely boat, too big for one person to search without the possibility of being systematically evaded; and the omnipresence of ocean, always the supernatural's natural ally, along with night, mountaintops, caves and the storm. A powerful novel of spectral terror could well have been built on this frame. But as you might expect, after thirty pages or so, MacDonald opts for explanation A.

Even at that I have no kicks coming. As Lovecraft pointed out in his *Supernatural Horror in Literature*, "Much of the choicest weird work is unconscious; appearing in memorable fragments scattered through material whose massed effect may be of a very different cast ... If the proper sensations are excited, such a 'high spot' must be admitted on its own merits as weird literature, no matter how prosaically it is later dragged down." (Was MacDonald unconscious of the effect he was creating? I very much doubt it.)

But in any case I just wanted to point out, mischievously, what might have been. I can assure you that *The Turquoise Lament* has anything but a prosaic ending.

Having ventured that bit of mischief, I'm tempted to another indiscretion. *Night Shift* consists of King's very earliest stories, published between 1970 and 1977. The largest number appeared in *Cavallier*, a magazine paying somewhat more than the fantasy and sci-fi ones did, though by no means in the *Playboy* class. I remember getting a few windfalls at the same time from *Rogue*.

What most impresses me about these apprentice stories by King is the vigor and recklessness of the writing, the all-out, no holds barred imaginings he performs as he works new variations and intensifications on old themes. The first of them, the novelette "Jerusalem's Lot," is positively Lovecraftian, with mention of Yog-Sothoth and Ludwig Prinn's *Mysterias of the Worm*. It might well be the beginning of the novel about a survival of the witch cult in Maine that Robert Blake is said to have been writing in Lovecraft's "The Haunter of the Dark."

But it's when he gets to the stories in the style of the magazine *Unknown* that he really shows his

Continued on page 30.

The Outlook:

Pocket Books

by David G. Hartwell

Director of Science Fiction & Fantasy

John Douglas

Administrative Editor of SF & Fantasy

Ellen Kushner

Associate Editor of SF & Fantasy

As the books we have released since last spring have shown, the "New Pocket" is very much committed to fantasy and science fiction. The first fantasy to come out in our new program was *Beauty* by Robin McKinley (July 1979). It was also one of the first of the Pocket fantasy and science fiction releases to carry our new cover style: a lush wraparound with a sophisticated layout. Since *Beauty's* publication, the fantasy portion of our Pocket list has included a reissue of *Jack Vance's The Dying Earth* (and shortly, *The Eyes of the Overworld*), *The Book of the Dun Cow* and *The White Hart*.

We are very lucky to be working closely with an award-winning art department. The art director, Milton Charles, and his staff have become very enthusiastic about fantasy and science fiction and the imaginative possibilities for covers. We are devoted to both esthetic value and truth: we intend each cover to represent accurately the book it presents. Since our publishing program embraces every kind of SF and fantasy, from *Jerry Pournelle's* hard tech to *Michael Bishop's* sociology; *Nancy Springer's* romantic mythic fantasy to *Andrew J. Offutt & Richard K. Lyon's* heroic fantasy, in order to be true to our dictum we are allowed to -- indeed, we must -- employ a delightfully varied and various array of art and packaging. Witness *Don Maiz's The Road to Corlay*, the painting for which was on display at the World Fantasy Convention in Providence; and the two *Vance* books, whose striking covers originated as gallery art. Prompted by the glory of his *The White Hart* cover and *The Book of the Dun Cow* interior cover, we have signed up artist *Carl Lundgren* to do Pocket covers exclusively in the near future. One significant discovery made through a chance meeting at an SF convention is *Terry Lindall*, whose

covers for *Pamela Sargent's Watchstar* (February) and *John Ford's Web of Angels* (July) are striking, and have generated enthusiasm in our sales force.

In our effort to encompass all the varieties of fantasy, we are drawing on numerous sources, and covering all the sub-genres. Our newest heroic fantasy series is "The War of the Wizards" by *Andy Offutt & Dick Lyon*, already begun with *The Demon in the Mirror*, to be followed in fall 1980 with *The Eyes of Sarstis*, and one more volume to come. We have, of course, the entire *Jane Gaskell "Atlan"* series, plus two of her fantasies never before printed in the U.S., *King's Daughter* and *Strange Evil*. We have purchased from Whispers Press *Fritz Leiber's* collection, *Heroes and Horrors*, edited by *Stuart David Schiff*.

Following our discovery of *The Book of the Dun Cow* in a young adult fiction list, we have books forthcoming by *Diana Wynne Jones*, an English author whose *Charmed Life* SF Review praised for "the quality of a *Heinlein* juvenile with a *Conjure Wife*-like plot...If there were a Hugo category for Best Juvenile Fiction, *Charmed Life* would certainly be one of my nominees." We will be publishing *Charmed Life* in June, to be followed by an even more ambitious work by *Jones* called *The Spellcoats*, which postulates one of the most sophisticated interrelated systems of magic and culture we've seen in a long time.

A practically unclassifiable fantasy coming in April is *Ariosto* by *Chelsea Quinn Yarbro*. We've had an alarmingly difficult time explaining it to copy writers, etc.: OK, guys -- this one takes place in Renaissance Italy, where a poet living a hazardous life in a corrupt court is writing a fantasy of himself as hero in the (imaginary) New World...except that, see, it's also

a fantasy Renaissance...a parallel universe? alternate reality?...Greek to you, too, buddy! People who know what a parallel universe is will really enjoy *Ariosto*, in which Sir Thomas More defects to a united Italy, and all the Indians are noble, with Italian names.

Another unusual fantasy that we are very excited about is *The Orphan* by *Robert Stallman* (March), the story of a young were-beast that becomes a small boy to save itself from pursuit. The book ends in his youth, and two more volumes will follow. *Peter Straub*, author of our fantasy novel *Ghost Story*, is most enthusiastic about *Stallman's* work, as is *Fritz Leiber*.

The second book of the Trilogy of Isle, *The Book of Suns*, appeared several years ago from Pocket, and despite a cover that looked like an historical novel, it managed to gain an underground following including *Andre Norton* and *Marion Zimmer Bradley*. *Nancy Springer* has now rewritten *The Book of Suns* for us, and it will be published next fall with yet another stunning *Carl Lundgren* cover to match the first of the trilogy, *The White Hart*. The third volume of the trilogy should appear that winter.

Further in the future projects include *The Pastel City* by *M. John Harrison* and its new sequel, *A Storm of Wings*, and a new fantasy novel by *Elizabeth A. Lynn*, with illustrations by World Fantasy and Hugo Award-winner *Alicia Austin*.

We are also sponsoring a trade sized illustrated paperback by rock musician and *New Worlds* alumnus *Joel Zoss*, with stunning and innovative illustrations by *Heidi King*. *Chron-*

Continued on page 23.



specialty publishers

Artist: David Adkins

David H. Keller
The Human Termites
A 1929 SCIENCE FICTION EXTRAVAGANZA



-Volume Two -
The David H. Keller Memorial Library

DAVID H. KELLER LIBRARY

A little over a year ago, Pat Adkins at PDA Enterprises released volume one in his "David H. Keller Memorial Library," a collection of nine "Kelleryarns" facsimile reproduced from their original *Weird Tales* appearances.

Volume two in the library is now available, reprinting in facsimile form Keller's *The Human Termites* as it first appeared in *Science Wonder Stories*, as a three part serial beginning in September 1929. Also included are the *Frank R. Paul* illustrations from both the 1929 publication and the 1940 serialized reprint in *Captain Future* magazine.

A nice feature of this reprint is a lengthy introduction by series editor Pat Adkins telling how Keller wrote the novel, quoting from the correspondence between Keller and Hugo Gernsback, and providing examples of Gernsback's editorial changes. Additional illustrations throughout the volume are provided by *Dixie Adkins*.

The 84-page, 6" by 9" softcover volume is priced at \$5. Subscriptions to the library are still available at \$20 for five volumes and may begin with volume one, *The Last Magician* (see FN #4 for details). Volumes three and four in the library will be a two-volume

collection of Keller's *Tales From Cornwall*. P. D. A. Enterprises, Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182.

PENNYFARTHING PRESS

Now available from Pennyfarthing Press is *The Darkover Concordance: A Reader's Guide* by Walter Breen with a foreword by Marion Zimmer Bradley. This is a huge 176-page, 8½" by 11" trade paperback that contains just about anything anyone would ever want to know about *Bradley's* world of *Darkover*. Basically, the work is an alphabetically arranged encyclopedia of Darkovan characters, places, customs, history, language, folklore and terminology. Appendices to the concordance include a pronunciation guide, "The Ballad of Hastur and Cassilda," "The Oath of the Order of Renunciates," Darkovan proverbs and expressions, genealogies and lineages, and a complete bibliography of the Darkover novels with story summaries. The volume is illustrated by *Melisa Michaels*.

The 5,000-copy paperback edition is priced at \$8.95 and a 300-copy cloth edition is \$17.95. In addition, 100 copies of the cloth edition are signed and numbered by Breen, Bradley and Michaels and priced at \$20. Pennyfarthing Press, 2000 center St., #1226, Berkeley, CA 94704.

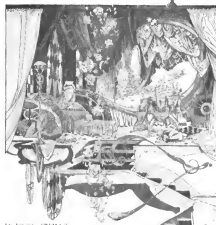
ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES

Eclipse Enterprises, a publisher of limited edition comic books in a high quality format, has released *Night Music 1: Science Fiction & Fantasy* by P. Craig Russell. Included in the booklet is a 23-page story written and illustrated by Russell, "Breakdown on the Starship Rememberance," and a 12-page preview of "Therimula and the Sea," a fantasy work in progress.

The 44-page, 8" by 11" softcover volume is extremely well printed on heavy white stock, with heavier enamel covers. The covers sport two very attractive 4-color illustrations by Russell and featured inside is an introduction by *Jim Steranko*. The price is \$4.95. Eclipse Enter-

Artist: P. Craig Russell

P. Craig Russell's
NIGHT MUSIC 1
Science Fiction & Fantasy



prises, 81 Delaware St., Staten Island, NY 10304.

WEIRD MENACE

Robert Weinberg recently published the fifth volume in his *Weird Menace* series of pulp reprints. Included in the 96-page volume are four stories: "Slaves of the Blood Wolves" by *Arthur J. Burke*, "Satan Sends A Woman" by *Wyatt Blasingame*, "The Red Eye of Rin-Po-Che" by *Norvell Page*, and "Girl of the Goat-God" by *Arthur Leo Zagat*. All four stories are facsimile reproduced, with illustrations, from 1930s issues of *Terror Tales* and *Dime Mystery*.

Weird Menace #5 is digest size in format and is perfect bound with enamel covers sporting a new illustration by *Stephen Fabian*. The price is \$5.50. Robert Weinberg, 10606 S. Central Park, Chicago, IL 60655.

G. K. HALL

Scheduled for December publication by G. K. Hall & Co. is *Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors: A Bibliography of First Printings of Their Fiction and Selected Nonfiction* by L. W. Currey, with editorial assistance from David G. Hartwell. This will be a massive 600-page, 7" by 10" clothbound volume providing detailed bibliographic information on first printings and first editions of works by 215 authors. Also included are identifications of 182 pseudonyms. Entries are arranged alphabetically by author and then by title and cover works published

through 1977, both U.S. and British. The volume will be priced at \$48 and is available from the author who is also handling wholesale distribution to the book trade. L. W. Curry, Rare Books Inc., Elizabethtown, NY 12932.

FAX COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS

A reference volume of interest that appeared a few months back from Fax Collector's Editions is *American Fantasy & Science Fiction* compiled and edited by Marshall B. Tymn. The paperback-size softcover volume is a bibliography of hardcover fantasy and SF published in the U.S. between

1948 and 1973. The main portion of the bibliography is a 114-page listing of entries arranged alphabetically by author, providing titles and information about the first hardcover editions. Supplementing that is an 81-page alphabetical title list, along with notes, a separate bibliography of borderline titles and a listing of SF Book Club first editions.

The 240-page paperback sports a nice cover illustration by Stephen Fabian. Originally priced at \$12.95, it has apparently been reduced to \$6.95 (that's what the sticker on my copy reads). Fax Collector's Editions, Box E, West Linn, OR 97068.

BURNING BUSH PRESS

The Burning Bush Press is a new imprint that recently released its first title, *The Runestone* by Mark E. Rogers. The short novel is a Norse horror story set in contemporary New York City. The 88-page, digest size booklet bears a cover illustration by the author and is limited to 170 signed and numbered copies. The price is \$5.00 plus 75c postage. Erwin H. Bush, The Burning Bush Press, P. O. Box 7708, Newark, DE 19711.

Currently in the planning stage is a collection of Mark Rogers short stories entitled *Nevermind and Other Stories*.

trade books

ACE BOOKS

Coming from Ace Books in February as a \$5.95 trade paperback is *Interfaces*, an original speculative fiction anthology edited by Ursula K. Le Guin and Virginia Kidd. Included in the 320-page anthology will be new stories by Ed Bryant, Vonda McIntyre and James Tiptree, Jr.

Now out from Ace (as previewed in FN #19) is *The Demon of Scatter*, a new fantasy novel by Poul Anderson and Mildred Downey Broxon. The \$4.95 trade paperback sports a very nice Michael Whelan cover and more than 50 pages of interior b&w art by Alicia Austin. Also included are historical notes by both authors. Ace Books, 360 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10010.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

Scheduled for February publication by St. Martin's Press are two supernatural novels. *The Ghost House* by Norman Berrrow is a suspense novel about a man and his wife who are forced to seek refuge in a haunted house during a storm. *The Devil's Door* by Robert Neill is an historical novel about a village in 17th century England caught up in a reign of terror over suspected witchcraft. Both books will be priced at \$8.95.

Coming in March are two new SF novels, *Beyond the Outer Mirror* by Julian Jay Savarin, the sequel to his earlier *Matters On the Dance* and the second in a trilogy, and *Star God* by Allen Wold, described as "one man's spiritual journey through space, at a time when religion had long ago been pronounced extinct." The former will be priced at \$10.95

Artist: Alex Eber



and the latter at \$8.95.

Also slated for March is a general anthology entitled *Drug Tales*, edited by Duncan Fallowell, that includes a few stories by such fantasy masters as Edgar Allan Poe, J. Sheridan Le Fanu and Nathaniel Hawthorne. A related title of interest is Bill Pronzini's *Labyrinth*, a new novel in his "Nameless Detective" series. Both will be priced at \$8.95. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

DOUBLEDAY

Two new novels out from Doubleday in December are *The Old Gods Waken* by Manly Wade Wellman and *The Sheriff of Purgatory* by Jim Morris. *The Old Gods Waken* is Wellman's first novel of John the Balladeer, who wanders the mountains of Appalachia, fighting supernatural evil. A number of popular short stories about John have appeared in the *Magazine of Fantasy* over the years and two additional novels have been pur-

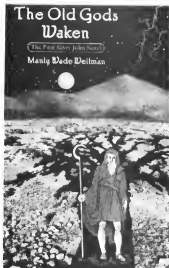
chased by Doubleday. Price is \$7.95.

The Sheriff of Purgatory is an SF adventure novel set in 1996 after the holocaust. Purgatory County, Arkansas is one of the few sane areas of the country left, presided over by Sheriff Frank Spurlock -- until the Mafia decides to move in and take over. This one appears to be a fast-paced, fun book, priced at \$8.95.

A November release I was unable to cover earlier is *The Whirligig of Time* by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., an SF novel about a former private detective who becomes first Councilor of the Galaxy. The planet Nifron D has mysteriously been turned into a sun and the planet Vezpro receives a blackmail letter threatening the same fate. Price is \$8.95.

Coming in January is *Mockingbird* by Walter Tevis. Set 500 years in our future, a young man viewing ancient movies learns about such strange things as love, families, and babies, and falls in love

Artist: Michael Flanagan





PETER HAINING

with a woman. He is arrested, escapes and becomes part of the underground Kalek family of Christians, worshipping in the remains ("sacred remains") of Sears & Co. The book will be priced at \$10.00. Bantam Books has already purchased the paperback rights for a six-figure advance. Doubleday & Co., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017.

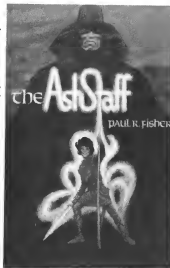
BARONET

Among recent releases from Baronet Publishing Co. is *The Jules Verne Companion* by Peter Haining. The 128-page, 8 1/2" by 10 1/2" trade paperback is a must for Verne fans, containing articles old and new about Verne, including contributions from George Orwell, H. G. Wells and William Golding, among others. Also included are a number of scarce articles by Verne himself. The book is profusely illustrated with plates from many of his novels, period photographs, movie stills and scenes from other media. The price is \$6.95.

Also out are two trade paperbacks that were first published as mass market paperbacks by Ace earlier in 1979. *Capitol* by Orson Scott Card is a collection of related short stories that form a novel about his Capitol society. *The Fifties*, edited by Barry N. Malzberg and Bill Fronzini, is a collection of ten stories from the '50s SF magazines, originally titled *The End of Summer: SF of the Fifties*. The former is priced at \$4.95 and the latter at \$5.95. Baronet Publishing Co., 509 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

Artist: Steve Hoffmeister

Artist: David K. Stone



ATHENEUM/ARGO BOOKS

An update on a number of Athenaeum releases that have appeared recently, all of which were previewed in *FN* #17. Under the Argo Books imprint are *The Spellcoats* by Diana Wynne Jones, the third in a projected five volume series set in the mythical land of Dalemark, *Clever-Lazy: The Girl Who Invented Herself* by Joan Bodger, about a young girl inventor in a land of dragons who invents gunpowder. The former is priced at \$7.95 and the latter at \$8.95.

The Ash Staff is a fantasy for 8-12 year olds by Paul R. Fisher about a young man in a land peopled by goblins, griffen and wolfsman who discovers a magic talking sword. Price is \$8.95. Also designed for 8-12 year olds is *Sootie and the Dragon* by Shirley Rousseau Murphy, priced at \$7.95. The novel is about a young woman who sets out to seek her fortune, manages to save three princesses from a dragon, and eventually finds out the meaning of love from a lonely griffen and a young boy.

Also available is *Pride of Lions* by Norma Johnston, a retelling of Greek mythology about the House of Atreus centered around the children of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. The novel is written for ages 12 and up and is priced at \$7.95. Athenaeum Publishers, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

SCRIBNER'S

Out from Scribner's is a fantasy/SF novel for young adults entitled *Children of the Stones* by Jeremy Burnham and Trevor Ray. An astrophysicist and his son settle in an ancient English village to study the magnetic properties of the prehistoric stones that surround it.

Artist: Kimiko Craft



His son finds a strange picture that seems to depict the village's destruction, which proves to be prophetic and they eventually find themselves in a time-trap where the future repeats the past. This is the novel's first U.S. publication and is priced at \$8.95. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

HARPER & ROW

Two recent juvenile releases from Harper & Row are *The Cloverdale Switch* by Eve Bunting and *Inside My Feet* by Richard Kennedy, both priced at \$7.95. The former, for ages 12 and up, is an SF novel about extra-terrestrial forces that begins with a teenager noticing some weird things about his girlfriend...like a little black box she guards very closely. *Inside My Feet*, subtitled "The Story of a Giant," is a fantasy for children aged 7-11 "about a young boy who pits his wits and nerve against an evil giant to save his own and his parents' lives." The book is illustrated by Ronald Himler. Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022.

T/A CREATIONS

Now available from T/A Creations is a series of 12 fantasy greeting cards with full color reproductions of Boris Vallejo covers to a number of recent fantasy and SF paperbacks. The cards measure 5" by 7" and are priced at \$5.40 for the set. Two additional two-color sets of 8 cards each depict Dracula and a variety of people and creatures wearing masks, each set priced at \$3.60. Add \$2 per order for postage. A full color catalog showing these and other greeting cards is also available. T/A Creations, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

This month's column I'm afraid will only be by way of an interim report, but I hope to get into full stride next month when I grow another pair of arms.

Unfortunately, I must start this month with bad news. The death occurred on October 10th of Dr. Christopher Evans. He was only 48. He had been seriously ill earlier this year, but it was hoped he had now recovered. Dr. Evans was best known for his detailed knowledge of computers and his fascination in dreams and the human mind. He had been Science Editor of *New Worlds* under Moorcock from September 1967 to September 1969 and was more recently a Contributing Editor to *Omnifax*. He edited two very popular horror anthologies, *Mind at Bay* and *Mind in Chains* (both Panther, 1970), where he used both his knowledge of the human psyche and the selection of some notable fiction to explore the nature of fear. His latest book, *The Mighty Maro*, looked at the future effects of the microprocessor, and was the subject of a television series written and presented by Dr. Evans.

A book that would have fascinated Christopher Evans is *This House is Haunted* by Guy Lyon Playfair, to be published in hardback by Souvenir Press in May. Subtitled "An Investigation of the Enfield Poltergeist" it is a detailed report of one of the most fascinating of recent hauntings. In August 1977 a family living in a council house in Enfield — a suburb of North London — heard a series of banging sounds. Then furniture began to move of its own accord. First the police and then the Society for Psychical Research moved in. It was the subject of a radio programme that I heard and found fascinating. The book is written by one of the Society's investigators and thus deals wholly with first-hand information, unlike *The Amityville Horror*, an after-the-event report by a professional writer. I imagine this will be a book for sceptics and devotees alike.

AUTHOR SPOTLIGHT

I shall be doing the rounds of the publishers next month. This time I would like to cast the spotlight on some more British writers.

John F. Burke has, in more re-

cent years, concentrated on book adaptations of film and TV tie-ins, most recently *Prince Regent*. Although he began his writing career in the SF field he left it for other pastures in the late 1950s and his name is no longer immediately on the lips of SF and fantasy fans. This is a shame for, apart from a series of good anthologies that began with *Tales of Unease* (Pan, 1966), Burke has also been producing a series of occult detective novels which may have been overlooked by many readers because of the publisher's classification of them as crime fiction. Originally published in hardcover in Britain by Weidenfeld & Nicolson and in the States by Coward-McCann, they are now available in paperback in Britain from Coronet Books. The first book, *The Devil's Footsteps* (orig. 1976), was reprinted in 1978, the second, *The Black Lion* (orig. 1977), in October 1979, whilst the third, *Ladygrove* (orig. 1978), will appear later this year. Set in the 1880s, they concern the mysterious magician Dr. Caspian and his wife Bronwen who pit their formidable knowledge against the powers of

evil. John Burke has also completed a Dr. Caspian novelette, "Blackshore Dreamer," which has been accepted by Arkham House for a future anthology with the remarks that, "...if it is not a work of Golden Age vintage, then I don't know what is."

He also reports he has completed a new telepathic weird novel with a modern setting, but no publication details as yet.

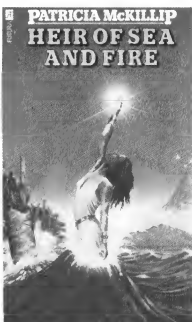
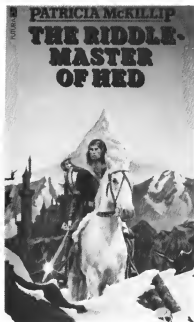
John Burke is also present in the second volume of Ramsey Campbell's anthology set, *New Terrors*, to be published by Pan during 1980. The full lineup is as follows:

Volume 1: "The Stains" by Robert Aickman (a short novel), "City Fishing" by Steve Rasnicu, "Sun City" by Lisa Tuttle, "Vare" by Manly Wade Wellman, "A Room With A View" by Tarrith Lee, "The Course" by Richard Englehardt, "Diminishing Landscape With Indistinct Figures" by Daphne Castell, "Tissue" by Marc Latidlow, "Without Rhyme or Reason" by Peter Valentine Timlett, "Love Me Tender" by Bob Shaw, "Kevin Malone" by Gene Wolfe, "Into My First World" by John Halkin, "Time to Laugh" by Joan Aiken, "Chicken Soup" by Kit Reed, "The Gift of Jeremy" by Thomas F. Montealeone, "The Pursuer" by James Wade, "Bridal Suite" by Graham Masterton, "The Spot" by Dennis Etchison and Mark Johnson, "The Gingerbread House" by Cherry Wilder, "Watchers at the Strait Gate" by Russell Kirk, and "220 Swift" by



Two titles from last issue's column: "The Black Lion" by Patricia and Lionel Panthorpe, published by Greystoke Mobray Ltd. in November (cover art by Kevin Walker) and "The Brats" by R. Chetwynd Hayes, published by William Kimber in October (jacket design by David Jackson).





Three titles noted in this column a few issues back: the Fontana paperback editions of Patricia McKillip's fantasy trilogy -- *The Riddle Master of Hed*, *Heir of Sea and Fire*, and *Harpist in the Wind*. (Covers courtesy of Fantasy Media, cover artist unknown.)

Karl Edward Wagner.

Volume II: "The Miraculous Cairn" by Christopher Priest (novella), "The Man Whose Eyes Beheld the Glory" by John Brunner, "The Rubber Room" by Robert Bloch, "Drama in Five Acts" by Giles Gordon, "The Initiation" by Jack Sullivan, "Lucille Would Have Known" by John Burke, "Teething Troubles" by Rosalind Ashe, "The Funny Face Murders" by R. A. Lafferty, "Femme Fatale" by Marianne Leconte, "Big Wheels" by Stephen King, "Richie by the Sea" by Greg Bear, "The Fit" by Ramsey Campbell, "Can You Still See Me?" by Margaret Dickson, "A Song at the Party" by Dorothy K. Haynes, "One Way Out" by Felice Picano, "The Ice Monkey" by M. John Harrison, "Spider's Milk" by Brad Cahoone, "Symbioter" by Andrew J. Offutt, "Across the Water to Skye" by Charles L. Grant, and "The Dark" by Kathleen Resch.

Forty-one stories in all and judging by some of the names, they look like a real bonus.

Ramsey currently has two novels on the stalls: *The Face That Must Die* published in paperback by Star Books in December, and a much-edited *To Wake the Dead* in hardcover from Millington in February. A third novel, *The Nameless*, is currently under consideration. Fontana will be doing a paperback edition of *To Wake the Dead*.

My own *Fantasy Reader's Guide* #2, devoted to the work of Ramsey Campbell, has been delayed pending receipt of an article on Ramsey's recent writings. Current contents

include a complete bibliography of everything Ramsey has written (including much that has never been published), a brief autobiography, assessments of his work by T. E. D. Klein, Jack Sullivan and Hugh Lamb, plus two previously unpublished stories: an early effort, "Before the Storm," and a recent story, "The Gap," illustrated by David Lloyd. Hopefully the booklet will be available within the next few months.

Recent revelations from Louise Cooper is that she has sold a Regency Gothic novel *Walburga's Eve* to Hamlyn which will be published this summer under the pseudonym *Elizabeth Harrn*. She has also recently completed *Crown of Horn*, "...a sort of present-day occult romance, heavily tied in with the legend of the Wild Hunt and the Oak King." This will probably also appear under the *Elizabeth Harrn* alias.

Basil Copper is as active as ever, having recently completed his thirtieth Mike Faraday thriller, *Flip-Side*. He reports the latest position on his continuation of the Solar Pons books: "There will be at least a dozen in the series and many are already in the pipeline. The first, *The Dossier of Solar Pons*, was published in paperback by Pinnacle Books last January; *The Further Adventures...* appeared in August; *The Secret Files...* was out in October. To come and already in the pipeline are: *Some Uncollected Cases...*, *The Exploits of...* and *The Recollections of Solar Pons*."

Copper's latest novel is *Necropolis*, to be published by Arkham

House this January, seven years after it was written. He refers to it as his "most ambitious Gothic novel ... a Victorian thriller with a factual background."

Copper's latest macabre collection -- his sixth -- comes from Hale (U.K.) and St. Martin's Press in February, and it includes a major new story, "The Madonna of the Four-Ale Bar." Copper also has a new story, "Shaft Number 247," in Ramsey Campbell's anthology, *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* (see FN #13).

At last many of Basil Copper's best macabre books will be available in paperback in Britain from Sphere Books later this year and next. They start with *The Great White Space* (November 1980), the collection *Here Be Demons* (December) and *Necropolis* (February 1981), with others planned. There may also be the possibility of a followup to *The Great White Space*.

Want a rare book? Then you should try and obtain the first hardback edition of James Herbert's *The Spear* published by New English Library in 1978. It was withdrawn soon after its initial publication because the author of one of the books Herbert used for research claimed his facts were gained by transcendental meditation and therefore unique to him -- nobody else was allowed to use them. A revised edition of *The Spear* was issued in hardback for Christmas and the paperback is due in March.

James Herbert's latest novel -- his seventh -- *The Dark* appears in *Continued on page 30*.

WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

It may seem pointless or even counter-productive for a film critic and reporter to talk about confidentiality, but sometimes the topic does come up and must be dealt with. A writer who cares about films sooner or later comes into contact with the people who make the films, and eventually you find out information that the filmmakers don't want released yet. What do you do in that case? The story of what I've chosen to do follows.

George Lucas' company, Lucasfilm, is sitting very tight on the plotline of *The Empire Strikes Back*, the first sequel to *Star Wars*. A few hints have been revealed here and there, but no more than that. Why? I'm not sure. The usual reason for keeping such material secret is to prevent a cheap imitation or rip-off from being released beforehand. This cannot apply to *The Empire Strikes Back*, since its plotline is so specifically tied in with the *Star Wars* characters.

Two magazines, one British and one American, have printed what amounts to a short and accurate version of the storyline of *Empire*. The American magazine almost certainly lifted it from the British, but it's unclear to me how that publication got hold of the material.

Here comes the ethics. Should those editors have printed the storyline? On the one hand, the editors have an obligation to their readers, to present the best magazine they know how. But to reveal the plotline of an upcoming movie, in defiance of the wishes of the film company, isn't anything more than sensationalism. The storyline of *The Empire Strikes Back* isn't in the same category as the Pentagon Papers. It's just a movie, after all, and it isn't always going to be a secret. Come next May, the world will have no trouble in learning the plot of Lucas' new film, directed by Irvin Kershner.

In this case, there are other considerations as well. Lucasfilm has been generous to SF fans and their ilk. I think they've made serious errors regarding magazines, mostly connected with the use of stills, but I hardly feel the need for vengeance on that. Overall, they have been straight with all of us and should be treated with the respect they have come to deserve.

Furthermore, the company employs fans, such as Craig Miller, Larry Rothstein and Maureen Garrett, who work in the Los Angeles office; and many of the effects people (and Mark Hamill, for that matter) are, if not fans, at least associated with SF and fantasy film fandoms.

I have a unique position. I am one of the very few people anywhere who learned the plot of *The Empire Strikes Back* by completely legitimate, outside means. I was employed in the summer of 1978 by the Bank of America to catalog some of the effects of the late Leigh Brackett, who wrote the original draft of *The Empire Strikes Back*. I'm reasonably expert in the areas of both science fiction and films in general, so seemed to be the man for the job. In sorting out her effects, I came across several items relating to the movie, including a detailed synopsis. I've known the plot since then. I could tell you almost the entire thing right now, but I've chosen not to do so.

I'm not trying for a gold star or to sit on the side of the elect, because I'm no better than I should be. I have told the plot to close friends in conversation -- but I

won't reveal it in print. You see, in addition to their generous treatment of SF fans, I respect what George Lucas and Gary Kurtz and the rest are trying to do.

For so many years, films made for the whole family or for children tended to be shoddy in various ways. Either not enough money was spent on them, or they were written down to children, as if kids were miniature morons who somehow didn't deserve something exciting, beautiful, fun and involving. Lucas disagreed and made *Star Wars*. I think that that was a brave and a kind gesture; that it turned out immensely profitable, as well, only proves that Lucas' impulses were better than even he knew. It was anything but a sure thing, no matter what some now claim.

Furthermore, several close friends of mine work for Lucasfilm. One of them, Don Glut, has novelized the script of *Empire*. No matter how many disclaimers I could make about it, assuring all concerned that my friends have not tipped me off about the plot of the film (and they haven't), I'm certain that not everyone at Lucasfilm would believe it. So if I printed the plot my



Luke Skywalker is mounted on a kangaroo-like creature called a Tauntaun on the ice world of Hoth in a scene from "The Empire Strikes Back."

friends' jobs would be in jeopardy. And I think I would damage my own reliability and whatever reputation I may be developing.

I can tell you certain details. The still reproduced here shows Luke Skywalker mounted on a kangaroo-like beast called a Taun-Taun. He's on Hoth, an ice world, with the rest of the rebels and Han Solo, about two years after the destruction of the Death Star. Hoth is attacked by Darth Vader and his troopers, and Luke and Artoo are separated from Han, Leia, C3-PO and Chewie. That's only a third of less of the story, so there's a lot more that could be said. I can add that Billy Dee Williams appears in the role of a ruler of a cloud city, and he's an old ally of Han's. Boba Fett, the bounty hunter introduced in the *Star Wars Holiday Special* turns up again. The romantic triangle is developed further. And there's more to be learned about Ben Kenobi. As for the rest, wait until May.

Other news. Producer Wilbur Stark has bought the rights to several old RKO fantastic films, and intends to remake them. One planned remake is *The Cat People*, to be directed by Roger Vadim. Cher is set to star in a new version of *The Enchanted Cottage*; maybe this time they won't be afraid to make the two leads actually ugly. To my mind, the most significant of Stark's remakes is *The Thing From Another World*, which has been announced several times recently. John Carpenter is now scheduled to direct.

Maybe Carpenter's strong directorial talents will this time be supported by an equally strong story and characterizations. He's a poor writer in terms of logic and plot construction, which can be seen in the previous films he's directed and written, including *Assault on Precinct 13* and *Halloween*. I've read *The Fog* and that script is no better. I hope someone else writes *The Thing*, perhaps using material from John W. Campbell's original story.

The third and last in the "Omen" series, tentatively titled *The Final Conflict*, begins shooting in London in March.

Roger Corman has announced *Don't Open the Door*, which is, from its description, clearly Roger's version of *Halloween*. He's also making *Beneath the Darkness*, starring Ann Turkel and directed by Anne Peters. . . . George Burns is coming back as the character he made famous in *Oh, God!* The sequel is to be called *Oh, God! Oh, God!*, and will be written by Josh Greenfield and directed by Gilbert Cates.

Paramount recently announced another record album spinoff film, this one somewhat more unusual than the others (*Tommy*, *Quadrophonia*, etc.) in that the record album itself was first based on a well-known novel. This is the musical version of H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*. The album was written by Doreen Wayne, with lyrics by Gary Osborne. The music was by Jeff Wayne, and he and executive producer Jerry Wayne are to helm the film.

Do not expect any quality in terms of script from Dino De Laurentiis' production of *Flash Gordon*. When Nicolas Roeg began as director, the script in use was by Michael Allin, and was relatively straight, but De Laurentiis insisted on what he considers to be the "true" comic-book approach. So he brought in as rewriter Lorenzo Semple, Jr., who created and wrote many of the episodes of the *Batman* TV series. The *Los Angeles Times* recently printed an excerpt from Semple's script of *Flash Gordon* and it's even worse than Semple's script for De Laurentiis' *King Kong*.

Flash Gordon is the lowest, most demeaning and insulting form of phony camp, without even the cheekiness of *Flesh Gordon*. Semple clearly has no affection for nor understanding of superheroes. To him, they are only silly, trivial creations he can feel superior to. That was clear in *Batman* and it's going to be even more clear in *Flash Gordon*. Sure, superheroes are inherently absurd, but most people want to see them treated with affection and respect. The only scenes in *Superman* that most people objected to were the unfunny but comic Luthor scenes; Superman himself was straight, and was very effective that way. But De Laurentiis didn't notice.

Dino claims that director Mike Hodges, who took over from Roeg, understands the character of *Flash Gordon*. This isn't likely, since De Laurentiis himself does not. Hodges, by the way, previously directed the reasonably good films *Pulp* and *Get Carter*, but also directed one of the most pretentious, dull and leaden SF films ever made, *The Terminal Man*.

It's a shame, too. Dino's spending scads of money on *Flash Gordon*. The sets are immense, covering at least eleven sound stages in England, and the cast is promising. But don't hope for anything other than a light show.

THE HORROR OF KING

Stephen King is America's best contemporary writer of horror fic-

tion. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to be aware that longer is not necessarily better. Until his most recent novel, each of his books was successively longer but not, however, successively better. *'Salem's Lot* was his second novel and was not yet overburdened with length. Still, it had so many characters that adapting it for film has proved very difficult. Each character was pretty well part of an overall mosaic.

Nonetheless, Warner Bros. TV and CBS finally produced a film version of *'Salem's Lot*, a 34-hour telefilm broadcast in two parts in November. Paul Monash wrote it, Stirling Silliphant was executive producer (a job he held in name only, because of contractual obligations), the actual producer was Richard Kobritz, and the director was Tobe Hooper. His best-known previous credit was the sleazy but well-done *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

The film doesn't really come off. Yet I thought *'Salem's Lot* was basically good, despite cardinal errors. The performances are strong, including that of David Soul, who's never impressed me before. Lance Kerwin is too old for the part he plays, but he plays it well. Lew Ayres, Geoffrey Lewis, Fred Willard, Elisha Cook, Marie Windsor — they're always good, and don't disappoint here. The best performance, not surprisingly, comes from James Mason, one of the most appealing actors in the world. He's here in a typical James Mason role, but is, as always, a great deal of fun as the simultaneously unctuous and threatening vampire advance man.

Hooper's direction is strong. He has a good deal of fun with slow buildups, light and shadow and a moving camera. He manages several really effective sudden-shock scenes, including one with Barlow's hand at a cell door that's quite unlike anything I've seen before. (It's so brief.) He must have been under considerable strain as the long film had a very short production schedule, and considering that, the film is admirable. Still, the real talent he showed in the shocking *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* hasn't quite paid off here. There are no scenes in *'Salem's Lot* as good as the best in *Massacre*, though some come close. He remains a director of great promise.

The failings in *'Salem's Lot* seem to be the responsibility of the producer, Richard Kobritz, and the writer, Paul Monash. One virtue of King's book was the believability of the background; the writer is from New England and knows its small towns well; *'Salem's Lot* seemed quite real. Kobritz and Monash,

however, spent too little time in establishing the community-ness of their town (Ferndale in northern California). We needed very much to see more of the day-to-day life of Salem's Lot, to experience the horror of its destruction. (At the end, almost all the vampires are apparently still at large.) In King's book, we saw the ghastliness of the vampire plague, we felt the death of the town. But in the film we get only a few scenes of David Soul driving around in his jeep, and we meet only the characters he personally interacts with. It doesn't feel like a town, but like a bunch of actors on location.

Furthermore, Monash left in a lengthy sequence involving some adultery. In the novel this eventually tied in with the vampire epidemic, but in the film it comes from nowhere and goes nowhere, yet involves about a quarter of the running time.

Kobritz insisted on a Nosferatu like look to Barlow, the lead vampire (Reggie Nalder). In the novel, Barlow is depicted as a traditional Dracula type vampire. Dialog, personality, the works. His assistant Straker (James Mason in the film), is only his henchman. For the film, however, Kobritz decided that having the vampire be a beast looking like Nosferatu six weeks dead was a great idea.

Boy, was he wrong.

The dialog still in the film clearly establishes Barlow as a real person; he's given a past and involvement with Straker going back at least as far as 1943. But Nalder, in his ghastly blue makeup, looks artificial and does not seem even remotely human, and hence isn't a



Reggie Nalder as Barlow, the lead Nosferatu-like vampire in "Salem's Lot."

character. He's so patently horrible that he's almost comic, and certainly doesn't seem like a menace except in a few scenes. His destruction isn't even the climax of the film. I might add that to disguise Nalder in the extreme fashion used in the film is really gilding the lily; this talented actor has a bizarre, wizened face already, and he certainly didn't need this makeup to look macabre.

Having a central vampire that isn't a character at all, just a thing, undercuts the film in such an extreme fashion that the entire structure almost collapses. We already do not believe in Salem's Lot as a real, living town, as we did in the book. To have a vampire that's such a ghastly monster that he couldn't walk down the street without causing a panic only further undermines the all-important willing suspension of disbelief. The problem with Barlow in the novel is that he's all too traditional a Dracula type vampire; in the film, he just isn't human. Both writers, King and Monash, erred in precisely the opposite directions. What was needed was a vampire such as the one played so well by the late Barry Atwater in the best TV vampire movie, *The Night Stalker*. A real, fang-faced, blood-drinking, supernatural vampire who could pass as a person.

The idea that the central character, Ben Mears (Soul), had a childhood fear of the old Marsten place is completely unnecessary to the story of the vampires. A line about "evil attracting evil" is supposed to explain this (and Soul says it over and over), but it doesn't do so, since neither Straker nor Barlow seem to have any affinity for the old house except that it's where they reside; if it hadn't been available, one presumes they would have moved into a motel. Both the novel and film would have been stronger without this superfluous tie to the past; the tie, after all, is solely in Ben Mears' mind. The hanging man he saw as a child had nothing to do with vampires. It's just flotsam and jetsom from Stephen King's subconscious washing up in his book.

There are many good scenes, however; they just don't add up into a whole film. The return of Geoffrey Lewis from the dead, found sitting in a rocking chair, is spooky as hell. The death of the first little boy is scary. Mason's encounter with Soul outside the old house is eerie. Lots of prefiguring -- canes for stakes -- and one or two mild jokes in the background help some. The film needed more humor, though.



Pete (Sam Elliott) and his lover Maggie (Katharine Ross) begin to realize they are trapped in an old mansion in "The Legacy."

'Salem's Lot might best be described as an interesting failure. It's an honest, non-exploitative (except for the overdone makeup) treatment of a good novel; that it's too long, misconceived in some areas, and inconclusive, are sad but real facts of its production. Had the film been made by someone with wit and style (Roman Polanski would have been ideal), it could have been a classic thriller. It's above average for TV, but sadly, is not the classic it might have been.

BIRTHRIGHT OF BORING DEATH

Once upon a time, Jimmy Sangster wrote vigorous, fast-paced films for Hammer Pictures. His scripts, along with Terence Fisher's direction, put that studio on the map with *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Horror of Dracula* over 20 years ago. But in his old age, Sangster may be getting senile, because his latest film, *The Legacy* is a lead-en-paced, unbelievable tale of the occult.

It looks pretty good. It's shot by Dick Bush and Alan Hume on picturesque locations in the countryside of Kent, England, and the old house where almost all the action takes place is handsome and eerie. And the cast is good. Although Sam Elliott seems out of place as the hero, Katharine Ross is strangely right in her element as the bedeviled heroine, and turns in a good performance. Others in the cast, John Standing as the mysterious Jason Mountolive, Margaret Tyack as his nurse and part-time cat, Charles Gray as an out-of-character kind industrialist, and Roger Dal-

Upcoming in the February *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* are the following stories: "The God and His Man" by Gene Wolfe, "Professor Cracker's Antitelephone" by Martin Gardner, "Mascot" by T. W. O'Brien, "Caduceus" by C. R. Faddis, "Of Days Gone By" by Dian Girard, "Millennial" by Ted Reynolds, "Afternoon for Phantoms" by S. Dale, "My Sister's Eyes" by Julieen Brantingham, "A Little In-correctness" by Richard D. Orr, and "Variations on A Theme From Beethoven" by Sharon Webb. Articles include "In Memoriam: Margaret Winter Campbell" by George O. Smith, "Title Find" by Susan Casper, and "On the Tinsel Screen: SF & the Movies" by James Gunn, along with the usual columns. The cover is by Alex Schomburg for "On the Tinsel Screen."

MAGAZINE OF F&SF

Scheduled for the February issue of the *Magazine of F&SF* is the conclusion to *Lord Valentine's Castle* by Robert Silverberg, a novellette, "Fud Smee" by Preff; and three short stories: "The Daydream Enhancer" by Jack Massa, "Cyron in Bronze" by Yantih Lee, and "All Things Come to Those Who Weigh" by Robert Crossbach. "Books" are by Joanna Russ, along with the usual departments plus a new *F&SF* competition. The cover is by Jack Gaughan for "Fud Smee."

THE DRAGON

The Dragon is a fantasy gaming magazine published by TSR Hobbies that I have mentioned here from time to time because it occasionally features fiction and other material of interest to fantasy buffs who (like me) are not into gaming. (If I was, you wouldn't be reading this.) The November issue (#31) features an excerpt from John Eric Holmes' forthcoming fantasy novel, *Trollhead*, along with part two of an excellent article on the origins of Lankmar by Prof. Frederick MacKnight, who happens to have been one of the original participants when the game was created by Fritz Leiber and Harry Fischer in the '30s.

Issue #32, for December, features a short-short by Jeff Sayoc-fers entitled "A Typical Night in the Life of Nine Ordinary (?) People" and an interesting article, "The

Continued on page 23.



Maggie (Katharine Ross) is startled when a mottled hand grabs her, in Universal's horror thriller, "The Legacy."

trey as Roger Daltrey, among others, are all believable and entertaining. But the picture just lies there.

The final screenplay is by Sangster, Patrick Tilley and Paul Wheeler, but none of them seem to have tried for logic, only for mysteriousness and gruesome deaths. It's one of those films in which, once you learn everything is running by black magic, you are supposed to forget all coherence and not ask for any explanations. It's magic, don't ya know, so it doesn't hafta make any sense, not even the central secret of the film.

If you see this movie, ask some questions. Like why do the five people die? So each of the victims was responsible for a death in the past -- why do they have to die themselves in a similar fashion? Is black magic symmetrical? What did Mountolive get from his deals with these people? Other than being descended from the right person, what qualifies Katharine Ross as one of the six possible recipients of the legacy? (Boy, I'll bet you can't guess just which one gets it.) When they know she's the next victim, why do Ross and Elliott leave Hildegard Neil alone? Five famous people die in one location over a weekend -- and the authorities will suspect nothing? Mountolive can apparently work black magic, but why? And to what end?

The film begins reasonably well, at least until Ross and Elliott are tricked into staying at the old house. But then things start to slide, and it's a long, long wait

until the first death. And then another long wait until the second. (Although all the deaths are shown to us and are clearly supernatural, the script insists that the characters not be aware of the occult nature of the murders -- even though all but two of the leads are already involved in witchcraft!) From then on, the rest of the deaths come in rapid succession, but still none of it makes any sense. A lot of glass gets broken in *The Legacy*, but it's hardly a shattering experience. (Ouch!)

Director Richard Marquand is here making his feature film debut; he handles actors well enough, and some of the scenes are nicely staged but the pacing drags badly. He has ignored what is for me one of the cardinal rules of the supernatural film: the story has to be more logical than in any other film genre. Doing this not only increases believability, it tends to demand it. When events proceed from no visible cause to no visible end, as in *The Legacy*, it's all too easy to fold your arms, give the film the fish-eye, and say "I don't believe it." And the audience is lost.

The virtues of *The Legacy* -- Katharine Ross's performance, the production values and a few shocks -- are not worth the strain the film takes to simply sit through. It's not a total loss, but it's a disappointment and bogus horror.

-- Bill Warren

INTERVIEW

Hugh B. Cave

Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

Born in Chester, England in 1910, Hugh B. Cave came to the United States when he was five. He grew up in the Boston area, attending Brookline High and Boston University. Cave began writing while in high school, and as a teenager sold stories to *Brief Stories*, *Short Stories*, and other magazines. According to the author, his high school English teacher, Miss Celina Lewis, recognized his writing ability and gave him much encouragement. As he tells it, "When I began getting things published while still in school, darned if she didn't correct even my published work!"

Hugh Cave won a scholarship to Boston University in high school competition, but failed to matriculate for two reasons, although he later went on to evening study at other colleges around New England. First, his father was run down and nearly killed by an out-of-control street car, leaving the family shattered. Second, he began to sell enough stories to go into full-time writing. At this point, he was mixing college with a part-time job with a Boston vanity publishing house, for which he was rewriting other people's manuscripts (at age nineteen!) to make them publishable, and helping to edit several small trade journals.

A gifted and prolific writer, Cave sold over 800 stories to the pulps, spanning virtually every major genre -- fantasy, weird-menace, detective, adventure, western, adult -- appearing in all of the well-known pulp publications, as well as most of the lesser-known ones: *Strange Tales*, *Oriental Stories*, *Adventure*, *Weird Tales*, *Top-Notch*, *Terror Tales*, *Dime Mystery Magazine*, *Thrilling Adventure*, *Nickel Western* and *Spicy Mystery Stories*, among others.

By the time World War II broke out, Hugh B. Cave had moved from the pulps to the slicks. During the war, the author was a correspondent writing magazine pieces and war books. After the conflict ended, Cave spent five years in Haiti, where he wrote "*Haiti: Highway to Adventure*," a book that several critics have described as "the best report on voodoo in English." According to the author, "Haiti was

the place that called me the most. With the popular response to my war books, I had no trouble getting a contract to do a book about that country. I went there in 1949 with my wife and sons intending to stay just a few months, but became deeply interested in voodoo and the few months added up -- with, of course, comings and goings -- to about five years, with other long visits after I stopped calling the place my second home."

In the course of his travels, Hugh Cave visited Jamaica, which inspired a well-received book on that country. The intended brief sojourn to Jamaica turned into an eighteen-year-stay, for in the course of exploring the island he stumbled on an old, rundown slave plantation which at one time had won various European awards for producing the world's finest coffee (Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee). Cave converted its 541 acres of wilderness into a once-again successful coffee plantation and pine forest.

After the war, the author moved into the slickpaper market, producing countless short stories, novelettes, and even serials for such popular publications as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, *American*, *Redbook*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Esquire*, *Liberty*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Country Gentleman*, to list only a few. In addition to his previously mentioned pulp sales, Cave sold nearly 350 stories to the slickpaper market and published a number of major books:

"*Drums of Revolt*," "*The Cross on the Drum*," "*Black Sun*," "*The Mission*," "*The Witching Lands*," "*Run Shadow Run*," "*Larks Will Sing*," "*Long Were the Nights*," "*The Fight-Inst Ship*," "*Wings Across the World*," "*I Took the Sky Road*," "*Four Paths to Paradise*," and several others.

In 1967, Hugh Cave sold his Warwick, Rhode Island home and bought a condominium in Pompano Beach, Florida, in order to cut down the time and expense of travel between the United States and Jamaica. Then in 1975, with the shift of government policy in Jamaica and repeated warnings by those in power that foreign ownership of property was undesirable,

he reluctantly sold the coffee plantation. Sadly, he had intended to retire there when his writing days were over, but the best laid plans...

About this time, with most of his old slickpaper markets out of business, Cave faced either retirement or a shift to some other kind of writing. The "some other kind" of writing that most appealed to him was the field in which he had been so successful as a very young writer -- fantasy. It wasn't long until things began to break for Cave. The author recounts the story this way: "I began a novel, the first one I had attempted in a long time. It was a good one, I think, but it had to do with a character or characters who could swim interminably under water without needing air, and just when I finished it, darned if something called '*The Man From Atlantis*' didn't appear on television, dealing with a character who could swim interminably under water without needing air!" The book in question, "*The Human Inclusion*," hasn't yet found a publisher, but will some day when '*Atlantis*' is forgotten, perhaps. Meanwhile, Cave's next book sold to Avon, his next to Dell, and his agent thinks his latest, "*Mission to Margal*," is his best yet. Moreover, Carcosa Press recently published twenty-six of his best horror tales, "*Margunstrum and Others*," for which he won the best collection award at the Fourth World Fantasy Convention in Fort Worth, Texas.

Today, Hugh Cave lives in Lake Placid, Florida, where he has actively resumed his career as one of the genre's master fantasy writers. He continues to work part of every day at his typewriter, penning one successful novel after another. The author works in a converted bedroom, overlooking an expanse of water, part of a golf course, and lots of green grass and trees, the same kind of rural atmosphere he cherished in Jamaica where his coffee plantation was at the very end of the last jeep road into the Blue Mountains. Asked to describe his work environment, Cave comments: "My workroom includes a closet for all the junk a writer accumulates. It has bookcases for a writer's

books -- my own and those I've collected over the years on subjects of interest to me. It has a nice wall in front of my desk on which I can hang chapter outlines, character cards, things to remember to include in upcoming chapters of the novel in progress -- all that kind of thing. And on the wall behind me, as I type, is a portrait I myself painted of an old Haitian friend, Maman Longina, the grande dame of voodoo 'nambos' when I lived there. She is dead now, but I sometimes get the feeling she is looking over my shoulder when I write about the things she did."

JE: Consider the following passage from "The Brotherhood of Blood": "They call me an author. Perhaps I was; and yet the words I gave to the world were not, and could not be, the true thoughts which hovered in my mind. I had studied -- and studied things which the average man dares not even to consider. The occult -- life after death -- spiritualism -- call it what you will. I had written about such things, but in guarded phrases, calculated to divulge only those elementary truths which laymen should be told." How much of Hugh B. Cave is embodied in this passage?

HBC: Were "The Brotherhood of Blood" a more recent story, I'd be tempted to say there is a whole lot of Hugh B. Cave in those lines. I've spent the best part of five years in Haiti, studying and writing about voodoo. Indeed, *Haiti: Highway to Adventure* was highly praised by several critics; *The Cross on the Drum*, a voodoo novel, was a double bookclub selection. I also published a voodoo novel in England, *Drums of Revolt*, and wrote quite a few stories on voodoo and related subjects for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *American* and other slicks. Then I bought "Annually" in Jamaica -- an old, 541-acre plantation in the Blue Mountains, and spent eighteen years restoring it -- and a good portion of all the wages I paid out in those eighteen years went most certainly to local obeah people, one of whom, for four of the eighteen years, was also my housekeeper! In Haiti, I had an interesting housekeeper for a time, too. When boiling an egg, she invariably filled the pot to the brim with water. Then when the egg was done, she simply put her bare hand into the boiling water and lifted it out. It didn't surprise me much when she later told me she was a

hounsi kanzo and, to become one, had had to put her hands into the seven pots of boiling water. So, as I say, were "Brotherhood" a recent story ... but it isn't. In fact, it's the first fantasy I ever tried. Before that, I had written for some of the adventure pulps and considered *Weird Tales* beyond my reach. In this regard, Farnsworth Wright bought "Brotherhood," asked for some minor changes, and gave it the cover of the May 1932 issue, though it was the first thing I had ever sent him. I suppose, then, that the story was developed less from any personal beliefs of mine -- I didn't have any such beliefs then -- than from what I had been reading. I had certainly been reading fantasy. Lord Dunsany was a favorite of mine. So were H. Rider Haggard, Ambrose Bierce, Edgar Rice Burroughs, as well as the short stories of Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, and *Weird Tales* itself. I remember seeing a production of Lord Dunsany's short play, "A Night at an Inn," and being stuck-in-the-mind with it for months. And there was a juvenile adventure book I read as a kid, about two boys who, fleeing from African savages, got into a cave, built a raft on an underground river, and for days or weeks drifted down that lightless river through "the bowels of the earth," encountering weird serpents and other creatures and never knowing whether they would be able to get out. I believe it was called *River of Darkness*, but I have no idea who the author was. But the book made a tremendous impression on me at an early age. I wish I could find it again. Anyway, I was twenty-two when "Brotherhood" was published. I hadn't done anything much with my own life at that time, so the story couldn't have contained anything very personal. Later writings have put forth personal ideas of mine, especially my conviction that many of the mysteries of West Indian voodoo, obeah, zombism, etc., won't be explained until we have more knowledge about such things than we now have.

JE: Why did you initially choose to write for the horror and detective pulps? What made you later move into other areas, such as adventure and Western fiction?

HBC: I'm not sure that I wrote more for the horror and detective pulps than for other markets. Since I no longer have any of those old stories or even a record of them -- lost them in a fire -- I can't check on this, though out of

pure curiosity I would like to be able to. I know I wrote a lot for *Short Stories*, *Argosy*, *Top Notch*, the many Western magazines, *Popular Fiction*, *Oriental Stories*, to name just a few others. The fact is, we "professional" pulp writers simply couldn't afford to specialize. Rates were low and a writer who tried to stay alive by doing only one kind of story was in trouble. Look at some of the familiar names from those days and you'll see that all of them, or nearly all, wrote many different kinds of tales. And, face it, many of us were trying to move up to the slicks, to such magazines as the *Post*, *Collier's*, *American*, etc., where the better money was. To those writers, the pulps were merely a learning ground, a means to an end, and concentrating on any one kind of pulp story might be self-defeating.

JE: What were the distinguishing features of the horror fiction you penned so skillfully and prolifically during this period?

HBC: I'd like to think it was the "craftsmanship" Karl Wagner talks about -- because, face it, much of the stuff in the old pulps was pretty shoddy. There were so many pulps, needing such a lot of copy, and, after all, not that many writers. Editors had to buy things they didn't want to, I'm sure. Those of us who were using the pulps as a stepping-stone to the slicks -- who were really working to learn the craft of writing -- must have turned out some of the better copy or we wouldn't have made it into such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, would we? In his book, *The Shudder Pulps*, Robert Kenneth Jones writes about me: "His tales built up slowly and suspensefully to a final harrowing scene. He proved adept at this, although he modestly explains that he 'just plugged away, trying to learn how to write by writing.'" I remember my first version of the story, "Dead Man's Belt," which Karl Wagner describes as "a heraldic classic from the golden age of *Weird Tales*." It was not a fantasy as I first wrote it, but an attempt at a slickpaper story. An amateurish attempt, no doubt -- or should the word be "innocent"? -- because what slick magazine would ever have used a story about two black men and a black woman living together in a big-city dump? However, that story, wide of the mark as it was, won me a "come again" letter from every slickpaper editor I mailed it to, and undoubtedly led to later slick sales. Then when it outlived

its usefulness, I rewrote it as a horror story and Farnsworth Wright ran it in *Weird Tales*. But -- you see what I mean about constantly trying to write something better than the run-of-the-mill pulp?

JE: What explains your tremendous popularity during the pulp era? Are you surprised by the current interest in many of your early pulp tales?

HBC: In writing to me about the possibility of collecting some of these old stories of mine in a book or books, Karl Wagner wrote: "Your stories were head and shoulders over the bulk of the weird-menace field; considering how fast you must have turned them out, it's astonishing how well crafted they were. Stories like 'Death Stalks the Night' are classic examples of the pulp formula, and display far superior writing than was usually given this type of story. 'Murgunstrumm,' which you did for the last issue of *Strange Tales*, I would consider a classic ... paced with a relentless ferocity that few writers have ever brought off." Thank you, Karl, but the fact is, "Murgunstrumm" was never reprinted until your Carcosa Press reprinted it. Nor were most of the other tales in *Murgunstrumm and Others*. As for the rest of my pulp output, it hasn't yet resurfaced and probably won't, though more than seventy anthologies or school books contain reprints of my slick magazine stories. The fact is, most of today's fantasy readers had never heard of Hugh B. Cave until Karl Wagner began making noises about him. Whether I was "tremendously popular" during the pulp era, as you suggest, I don't know. No editor actually ever told me I was, but then, editors didn't say such things in those days for fear a writer would demand a hike in rates. They bought my stories as fast as I could write them, published them almost without editorial change because -- I guess -- it was my habit to send clean copy. I lived in Rhode Island then. I stayed away from New York because I disliked the place. I personally met only one or two of the editors who bought my copy. But I was young, worked hard, loved to write, and was a full-time freelancer, attending college nights, by the time I was nineteen.

JE: Do you ever miss the days of *Weird Tales*? Do you have fond memories of that period?

HBC: No, I don't miss the days of



Hugh B. Cave and one of his Jamaican coffee trees. The youngster is the headwoman's daughter. (Photo courtesy of Hugh B. Cave.)

Weird Tales. For one thing, though I enjoyed writing fantasy or horror or whatever it should be called, I had my eye on the slicks all that time -- kept trying to break into them -- and knowing the slicks almost never used fantasy of any kind, I soon began to concentrate on some of the detective, adventure, and Western pulps. Then I loved into the books and the slicks, and it was only a couple of years ago that I returned to fantasy, this time with novels rather than short things. I had been a regular with the *Saturday Evening Post* for years. It folded, as did *American Magazine* and *Country Gentleman*, other steady markets of mine. I somehow got locked into

Good Housekeeping, doing shorts and Gothic novelettes. Then a new editor came on the scene and I thought of putting the typewriter away in the closet. But Karl Wagner wrote to ask if Carcosa Press could publish a collection of my old fantasy writings. And *Whisper Magazine* asked for some shorts. All at once I was back in the past, at my first love, fantasy. Then, much to my surprise, *Murgunstrumm and Others* won the best collection award at the Fourth World Fantasy Convention in Fort Worth, Texas -- the first such convention I had ever attended. I was so sure the book wouldn't win that I turned up at the awards banquet in a sport shirt, no tie or jacket, and had to

go up on the platform that way to accept the Lovecraft satutette. My God -- those old tales of mine, written forty-five years ago, were up against the best of today's writing. I was numb for a week. Incidentally, had I been called on to rewrite those stories, I would have thrown some of them out and made the book shorter. But Karl Wagner, bless him, must have known what he was doing when he selected them. He usually does. After that, I found myself doing fantasy novels, and having them accepted. However, I don't think I want to do many short things again. I prefer long jobs, at which I can nibble away for a few hours each day with no one looking over my shoulder.

JE: The book jacket of *Margunstrum and Others* describes the stories contained therein as being exemplary of the gothic thrillers of the 1930s. Have those stories, in your opinion, withstood the passage of time? In what ways has the horror genre changed most significantly since the 1930s?

HBC: Some have, perhaps, but probably not very many. About three times a year, on the average, stories of mine from such magazines as *American*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, and similar slicks get reprinted in anthologies or school books. The only pulp stories that have survived seem to be the fantasies. *Margunstrum and Others* is a collection of those, of course; others have been reprinted in some of the fantasy magazines. Carcosa Press is planning a second collection of my old horror stories, or "dark fantasies" as they are now called, from such publications as *Terror Tales*, *Horror Stories*, *Dime Mystery Magazine*, etc. How has the horror genre changed since the days when I was writing for the pulps? Mainly for the better, surely. Today's writing is better; most of the stories being printed -- except, of course, in the amateur fanzines -- are more complex and sophisticated. We know more about fantasy subjects. There is a whole new world of fantasy "science" to draw upon, and the simple, basic conflicts can now be replaced with more subtle mental conflicts. Some of those old pulp tales were so simple they were silly. The danger now, I think, is in making a story so complex it becomes obscure.

JE: In the foreword to your book, *Margunstrum and Others*, you state that you choose not to change the old stories in order to improve

them, that you could have made some stories more readable by reworking them today, but that that would have destroyed their authenticity. What kinds of changes could you have made? How could you have made the stories more readable?

HBC: Sure, I could have made some of those stories better. The title story itself made me wince with its repetitions of the word "lurid." I was also taken aback by the heaviness of some of its descriptions, although one reviewer -- Jack Young in *Nightshade* (#5) -- observed: "The title story is a vampiric masterpiece, not so much because of the subject matter but because of the atmosphere. The yarn's strength lies in Cave's power of description. The images seem to shift in and out in a kind of black and white haze." Thank you, Jack Young, but after more than 350 stories in the *Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Liberty*, *American* and *Country Gentleman*, I have come to believe that overwriting is a sin. This includes overwriting, even of the kind indulged in by H. P. Lovecraft, bless him for his original ideas. And so I feel, rightly or wrongly, that I could have improved all those stories in *Margunstrum and Others* by editing them down, tossing out some of the adjectives, and sharpening the dialogue. But, as I said in the foreword, they wouldn't have been authentic after such tampering, would they? They were written, remember, when rates were extremely low and a kid writer trying to be a professional had to make a typewriter smoke in order to keep eating. And that's how they should be remembered -- for exactly what they were -- if they are to have any social value in this day and age.

JE: How does "Ladies in Waiting," the newest story included in *Margunstrum and Others*, differ from the earlier stories? How would you compare that story, a 1975 haunted house tale, with "The Whisperers," a 1942 haunted house story? Has your approach or style changed in any notable ways?

HBC: "Ladies in Waiting" was written for Stuart Schiff's publication, *Whispers Magazine*. I wrote it while alone in my plantation house in the mountains of Jamaica, just to find out whether I could still write the sort of thing I had done when I first got out of high school and began earning a living as a writer. Karl Wagner had suggested putting some of my old pulp fantasies into a book, which, of

course, became *Margunstrum and Others*. His friend, David Drake, had asked if I wouldn't try a story for *Whispers Magazine*, of which he was assistant editor. I sent Dave one that had appeared only in England and a couple of foreign countries. They used it. I was sick to death of writing for *Good Housekeeping*, which had been buying short stories and gothic novelettes from me for ten years (thirty-four in all). So one dark, rainy night, with the housekeeper gone home and no one in the house and the power plant chugging away to provide light, I sat down and did a first draft of "Ladies in Waiting." Next day, I rewrote it and mailed it off to Dave. They bought it. Karl reprinted it in *Margunstrum and Others*. Stuart Schiff also used it, I might add, in his Doubleday anthology called *Whispers*. Okay, I could still write the stuff. Wonderful. The day after I received *Whispers'* letter telling me it was real vintage Cave horror, I began a horror novel, and never again sent a story to *Good Housekeeping*, which was my last slickpaper market. Ah, freedom. How was "Ladies in Waiting" different from my old pulp horror stories? As a result of having written fifteen books and 350 slickpaper shorts, novelettes and serials, I learned at least a little more about handling characters and dialogue, how to set up a story's background, and how to plant information so that the reader would say at the end, "Aha, why the hell didn't I catch that?" You be the judge of whether my style or approach has changed. I've always been a lousy judge of my own work. The best book I ever wrote -- in my opinion -- is still parked in my files, unpublished.

JE: Consider this passage from "Island of Dark Magic": "All these stories I knew to be greatly exaggerated, because my people were superstitious children at best. But I knew, too, that there must be some truth in them, for natives are not deliberate liars unless they can, by lying, gain material things for themselves." Is this an accurate assessment of island folklore? Is there evidence to support many native beliefs?

HBC: Yes. This passage is very much an accurate assessment of island "logic," but I don't know where I learned it from in those early *Weird Tales* days. I was born in England of a mother who was born in India. Her father built the Great Indian Peninsula Railway

and was Mayor of Bombay. My father was an English army officer who served in Africa. I heard about "the natives" all the time I was growing up, and probably based the natives in my stories on those tales. Also, I was fascinated by the South Seas -- read every book I could find about that region -- and probably subconsciously used much of that material, too. Later, I went there as a war correspondent, seeing at first hand the Solomons, New Guinea, Borneo, the Sulus, Iwo Jima, the Philippines, and other places I had so avidly read about. The fact is, though, that my parents were right. When I lived in the West Indies, I found out very quickly that *li pa lwen* in Creole, meaning "it isn't far," could be what they thought you wanted to hear. Or, "it only a little way" in Jamaican patois could mean it was just as distant. As for the truth of their beliefs, or whether they are purely superstition, I can only say, "Who knows?" after a total of nearly twenty-five years in the islands, and tell you the following story. My Jamaican housekeeper has a daughter, age thirteen. The girl was admired by a boy in her school class. He was killed by a bus while walking a

rural road. Soon afterward, the daughter began to feel she was "haunted" by this boy, who appeared in dreams to her night after night. She was taken by her mother to "a woman who knew about such things." This woman stripped her naked, tenderly bathed her, talked to her, and after three or four such visits succeeded in "exorcising" the ghost of the boy who loved her, so that she could again sleep at night without nightmares, screaming, sobbing, and feeling worn out in the morning. Is this superstition? I have known this child since she was eight years old, and she is entirely normal. I pay for her upkeep and schooling, have talked to some of her teachers, and know she is one of the brightest in her class. Her teachers are as fond of her as I am. What's more, she didn't even *like* the boy who was killed, so there could have been no traumatic reaction to his death. You be the judge.

JE: As one who has invested much of his life in the study of voodoo, do you place considerable credence in its professed power? What are your experiences with it?

HBC: There isn't time here for a

discussion of voodoo in depth, but it includes a belief in gods of various abilities, in possession by the spirits of those gods, in one's power to perform certain feats while so possessed. I have written about voodoo beliefs and practices in at least five books and don't feel I have even nicked the surface. Do I believe in it? No, not all of it. I do believe I have seen things done -- by people I knew well, who had no reason to be trying to deceive me -- that could not be explained. I have attended many different kinds of voodoo gatherings, in different parts of the country. I wore out four jeeps exploring Haiti, made many muleback trips into the roadless back country, even walked across the Massif du Sud -- wild country with no roads, trails or even footpaths -- from Tiburon to Jeremie. All these journeys included attendance at voodoo services, as well as voodoo contacts in ordinary dealings with folks along the way. But, as I remarked before, I'm not prepared to put my hands in boiling water, or grasp a white-hot iron bar, or pick up a red-hot iron pot with my bare feet as is done in a *kanzo* service. Nor have I ever been, to my knowledge, really pos-

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sessed.

JE: As you view it, what could Americans learn from Haitian folklore? In what ways could it enhance our understanding of life?

HBC: We might learn much from Haitian folklore if we would open our mind a bit more. First, we send "scientists" down there to investigate voodoo and such. They learn little because their approach is wrong. I came to know the best-loved *mambo* in all Haiti simply by arriving at her *caille* one night to observe a ceremony, at her invitation, and finding she was ill, trying to help her by driving all over hell in the middle of the night to get the right medicine. Since then I have been able to attend any voodoo ceremony in Haiti by using her name, even though she is now dead, and by knowing enough about her to convince others I was truly her friend. Go down there as a "scientist" to investigate voodoo and you have problems. Go to live there with an open mind, as I did, and you may eventually be invited to participate in some of the most secret ceremonies. I was in Rhode Island one time when this same *Lorgina* sent word to invite me to participate in *La Souvenance*, a ceremony that takes place at Easter each year in a secret country village of fifty or so peasant huts, surrounded by a fence, which at all other times is abandoned except for a special caretaker. So far as I know, no other outsider has ever taken part in *La Souvenance*, a week-long affair restricted to the *mambos* and *houngans* of Dahomey origin in memory of their homeland rituals. Can we learn from this? I think we can. But hardly in the way we are trying to go about it, with hurried scholars going there for a week or two of research. Go live there a few years, get to know the people and their language, and you may learn more.

JE: The concept of "Spiritualism" looms large in many of your stories. How would you define the term and what role does it play in your writing?

HBC: I'll stick to the dictionary definition of "spiritualism" -- the belief that the dead are able to communicate in one way or another with the living. I've written several stories based on this theme (for example, "The Prophecy," which Karl Wagner calls a *tour de force*), but I don't think I've ever really believed in it, except perhaps in connection, once again, with things

I've witnessed in the islands. I saw an eight-year-old boy drink a fifth of *clairin* once at a voodoo ceremony. That's raw rum, first distillation, and this bottle was a *trompe* in which red hot peppers had been steeped for weeks. The boy was possessed by the "spirit" of Guede, the voodoo god of death, but even so, downing a fifth of this fiery alcohol should have destroyed him. It did seem to make him a little drunk, but in five minutes he was just a normal child again, cold sober, sitting beside me and assuring me in Creole that he didn't remember what he had done. When I tasted the dregs in the bottle myself, a while later, it gave me a sore throat for days. So ... I believe the evidence of spiritual communication that I've witnessed at many such voodoo services and similar affairs in the islands, but I am sure it is a thing beyond the reach of most of us, including myself.

JE: As you note in "The Prophecy," non-believers do not belong in the world of "spiritualism." Is spiritualism a dangerous area for a non-believer to venture into? What personal risks are involved?

HBC: Let me sketch you a picture here. You're visiting Haiti and someone who knows that country and its people invites you to accompany him to a voodoo service. It's night. You find yourself ten or twenty miles outside Port-au-Prince, say, at a peasant house on a dark country road where the yard is full of people and the scene is lit by lanterns. If this is one of the *tonnelles* set up for tourists, you can behave any way you like, within reason, because you'll be paying for it and they are paid performers. But if it is a genuine service and you walk in among these people the way some tourists occasionally do at the commercial gatherings -- disdainful, loud, perhaps even drunk -- you will surely be asked to leave. Then if you become arrogant and refuse to leave, it can be dangerous for you. When I wrote "The Prophecy," a long, long time ago, I suppose I was trying to depict some of the different attitudes toward spiritualism that were in vogue at the time. I seem to remember that a group of us gathered in my Pawtucket, Rhode Island apartment, talked that way, and later that night did go to a spiritualism meeting where I secretly scribbled the notes I used later in writing the story.

JE: You've said that you believe

in some, but not all, of the island practices you've written about. Is your primary goal to entertain the reader, or do you also seek to educate him in certain areas, such as those already mentioned?

HBC: All I want to do is entertain. If in writing about the West Indies, voodoo, obeah, zombism, etc. -- subjects in which I can also provide a bit of education, fine. I believe what I've seen, and if I can't explain it, I say so. This doesn't mean, of course, that I have actually witnessed everything that takes place in my novels. Fantasy is fantasy. But my stories take place in real settings, and I like to think the fantasies in them are based on possible truths. You *can*, you know, imagine a three-inch lizard growing into a dragon and threatening to devour you.

JE: Do you have a particular audience in mind when you write fantasy? Do you attempt to fulfill their expectations?

HBC: I don't know that I have any particular audience in mind when writing fantasy. It doesn't have to be slanted in the way that, say, a story for *Good Housekeeping* must be slanted. I'm not even sure who reads the stuff, but I suspect all kinds of persons do, from school kids to bank presidents. This was true even in the old days, I think. I always just did the best I could with the idea in hand. It never occurred to me to "write down" (can anyone really "write down?") just because pulp readers were supposed to be less informed than those who read meatier stuff. I suppose when a reader picks up something of mine, he's hoping for a good yarn and -- these days -- rather expects it to contain something along occult lines. I certainly try to provide the good reading, and somehow or other, if it's a fantasy, the occult sneaks in anyway.

JE: Must you be in a particular mood to write horror? What type of mental outlook is required? Is your working environment psychologically important?

HBC: I've been writing since I was in high school. I began by writing for the Brookline (Massachusetts) High School *Sagamore*, and have spent my whole life writing. Now and then the mind goes blank and the ideas dry up, but usually I can roll a sheet of paper into the typewriter and just start tapping the keys. This is so whether the

product is a horror story or a letter to Aunt Minnie. Time and place have never meant anything to me. The room can be silent as a tomb or filled with music -- jazz or Mahler. I'm very grateful for this, and have enjoyed the blessing all my life. The one thing I've never been able to do is dictate. I tried it once, wrote and sold one story that way, but realized I have to watch the words appearing on the paper in front of me or I lose all feeling for what I am doing. Manly Wade Wellman, now a good friend, tells me with a chuckle that he met me once about that time and I even talked like someone who was trying to dictate.

JE: What types of people do you most enjoy writing about in your fantasy? Manly Wade Wellman, for example, often writes about country folk. You seem to employ a rich variety of different characters. Do you have specific character preferences?

HBC: I really don't specialize in any particular type of character. If I have a preference, I probably lean toward the type of person I would have liked to be, myself: the curious, adventurous, independent kind of fellow who pokes his nose into offbeat places. Come to think of it, the leading characters in my books have been people of that sort rather than, say, men in gray flannel suits.

JE: Are there topics that you consider to be taboo in the fantasy-horror genre? What are the parameters of acceptability? When does a story border on "bad taste?"

HBC: My feelings along this line must have changed over the years, for I'm pretty sure I would not write a "Murgunstrumm" today. That is, I wouldn't have a physically repulsive innkeeper cutting up dead females and feeding the flesh to his guests as steak. I would not do a "Chain Saw Massacre" either -- too much violence and gore. Maybe I'm just getting older. On the other hand, I no longer think, as apparently I sometimes used to, that blood and gore are necessary props in a horror story. Almost all the horror-menace yarns contained torture scenes; just look at some of the old covers on *Terror Tales*, *Horror Stories* and *Dime Mystery*! Now, I think you can hit the reader harder with more subtle things, and there's no need to play the game of brinkmanship with good taste. This is true in novels, too, though a novel is long enough

to allow for brief passages of almost anything.

JE: Given your military background and your penchant for fantasy writing, have you ever considered writing heroic fantasy on the order of Karl Wagner? Is war a good subject for fantasy or horror, or are the horrors of war too apparent?

HBC: I've never felt I could do what Karl Wagner does. First of all, he does a tremendous amount of background research before writing his heroic fantasy. I'm sixty-nine years old and haven't the time. Besides, I know the islands. I know Haiti and speak Creole. I know Jamaica and speak the patois. My world is mine; his world of early England or whatever is a thing he has absorbed because he loves it. I may have been born in England, but I feel more at home in a mountain hut in Haiti or a peasant hut in Jamaica. As for war, I want no more of it. As a correspondent, I wrote a number of war books. *Long Were the Nights*, a best-seller for six months, was about the first PT boats at Guadalcanal. *The Fightin'est Ship* was the story of the cruiser "Helen" that was torpedoed in Kula Gulf. *I Took the Sky Road* was a book I wrote with Commander Bus Miller, the Navy's most decorated aviator, who happened also to be one of the sweetest guys I've ever known. God bless him. I also did war books about the Seabees and the Air Transport Command. Let me tell you a story. I was on an LCI in the Strait of Makassar, enroute with the U.S. Navy to support the Australian Silent Seventh Division in their attempt to retake Balikpapan in Borneo. (They took it.) One night in that dark, spooky silence I've been talking about, a PT boat pulled up alongside our slow-moving craft and a voice through a bullhorn called out, "Is Hugh Cave aboard there?" Well, as it happened, I was playing poker with Dalton Trumbo and George Harmon Cox and a couple of other writers down below at the time, all of us growling because the light was dim and the food inedible, so somebody came below and got me. And when I said, "Yes, this is Cave, who are you?" the bullhorn voice said, "We've got a book for you, Hugh" and somebody tossed a plastic bag onto the LCI's deck, and in it, so help me God, was a copy of my book, *Long Were the Nights*, about the PT squadron that had kept the Japanese from retaking Guadalcanal when we still didn't have a big ship navy there. And in it -- one of the

proudest days of my life -- was written by the men who had officiated that squadron: "Dear Hugh, A swell book and a damn fine story of the squadron. Congratulations! (signed) Monty. Thanks for telling it the way we wanted it (signed) Bob. It turned out the way I hoped, Hugh. You can be proud of a fine job (signed) Nick." So ... I feel I've written enough about war, and it's time to move on to other things.

JE: Speaking of the horror genre, what frightens you? Does your own work ever give you bad dreams? Do you ever test your work on anyone for impact?

HBC: I was scared half to death when a mule I was riding nearly plunged head first over a 200-foot cliff in the mountains of Haiti. I used this incident in my book, *Mission to Margal*. Again, I was scared in World War II when a Japanese with a machine gun, trying to kill me, shot out the headlights and front tires of a jeep under which I had dived for cover. I dream a lot, and some of the dreams are a bit spooky, but whether it's my writing that induces them, I don't know. Occasionally, a dream fragment can be used in a story, but I don't recall ever having been able to use a whole dream. Yes, I sometimes test my work on others for effect, either reading it to them or asking them to read it themselves and comment on it. In Jamaica, I've read West Indian stories, even a novel, to my Jamaican housekeeper, to study her reactions to certain occult passages. "No, Mr. Cave," she might say, "a person would not say that to an obeh man. Wouldn't dare." Or, "There are other things to be afraid of while walking a lonely country road at night," and I'd be told about the things that might frighten her.

JE: One device you employ in several stories is that of "footsteps." Obviously, it serves to create an atmosphere of fear. How would you define "fear"? What makes something fearful? How do you evoke fear in the reader?

HBC: I love footsteps. On three or four occasions in real life they have scared the hell out of me. Once in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, I had to leave my car at a friend's house and walk home through deserted streets at 3:00 a.m. Footsteps followed me the whole way and there was no one behind me. I suppose it was something my shoes were doing, but I've never forgotten it. Once,

when a correspondent on the island of Morotai in the South Pacific, I went along a jungle path, just exploring, and the same thing happened. This time it was probably a Japanese soldier (we had taken the island, but there were still Japanese in hiding) hoping to win himself a pair of shoes, but it was frightening. I am sensitive to sounds, perhaps from having lived in some quiet places. I've been told I often use sounds in my stories to evoke fear, but actually I suppose one automatically calls upon personal experiences when seeking to arouse any particular emotion in the reader. As for fear in general, I think the quiet things are the most effective -- small sounds, loneliness, darkness, certain odors, anticipation of danger, and, above all, mood. Not violence, though. Violence may further the plot or settle an issue; it doesn't beget the kind of fear we're discussing here.

JE: In almost every horror tale, the protagonist could conceivably wind up insane, what with the bizarre and ghoulish things that occur. How often do you permit this to happen? For the story's sake, is it important that the characters come out of the experience whole?

HBC: Having someone go mad because of what happens in a horror story is an old, old device, it seems to me. I'm sure Poe used it. I know I have, both in the old *Weird Tales* days and more recently in a story written for *Whispers Magazine*, but not yet published. Having the protagonist go nuts is a different thing, though, isn't it? It's probably not a good idea, though I'm sure it, too, has been done often.

JE: In your story, "Watcher in the Green Room," you advance the idea that man creates his own monsters from his own thoughts. This would seem to come far closer to reality than many storybook monsters. Do you strive to incorporate a psychological viewpoint into your work? Is there more reality to your writing than meets the eye?

HBC: Yes. Indeed, this is one of my favorite themes now. I hadn't been aware that it went back to "Watcher in the Green Room," which appeared in *Weird Tales* when I was only twenty-three years old. It would seem that in "The Watcher" I was anticipating the kind of horror story that is now taking the place of the old pulp tale of raw violence, perhaps. At any rate, I have

just finished a new novel, *Mission to Margul*, which I mentioned earlier, and in which assorted ideas of this kind are carried out in depth. Here, we seem to be getting back to my answer to a previous question, in which I tried to say that a character can be more frightened by what his mind is doing to him than by the sight of, say, some purely physical act of violence. In *Mission to Margul*, for example, a woman is asleep in a peasant hut in the mountains of Haiti. She is awakened by the rustling of a lizard in the thatch above her bed. The lizard drops onto the bed to devour a glow bug. Her mind, in a way discussed later, changes the lizard into a thing the size of a crocodile that seems to devour her, and she is terrified in a way no mere witnessing of an act of violence could terrify her. To me, this is the new horror story, and I'll be doing more of it.

JE: Revenge is a powerful motive in "Murgunstrumm" and "Horror in Wax," two of your most popular horror tales. Is revenge an effective horror device?

HBC: Yes. I think revenge is an excellent horror device if you can make your reader believe it. I used it in my recent book, *Nebulon Horror*; it part of what makes the kids tear the town apart. I don't think it's enough by itself, though. The ordinary reader has probably never in his life felt any strong desire to "get even" with anyone. I tuck it in there as an added motivation.

JE: In several of your stories, notably "Prey of the Nightborn" and "Horror in Wax," you mix love with horror. What role does love play in your horror tales? Is there a place for sex?

HBC: If a horror story is about people, it must inevitably show them as loving people or sexy people. The whole idea is to make them real to the reader. In a recent book of mine, *Legion of the Dead*, my hero is a man just divorced from a sexless wife. He visits a college friend in San Marino, where he meets the lovely, sexy, eighteen-year-old daughter of an ex-prostitute. They walk across the mountains together to escape danger, making love all the way. Some people who've read the book say this is the best part of it. Yet the book itself is a horror-fantasy about a Caribbean dictator who employs an army of zombies to keep himself in power, and it con-

tains a full share of fantasy, or horror, and no small amount of violence. Fantasy has come of age. It requires real people, doing real things, or its going to have a Wonderful feel and all the characters will be Alice.

JE: In your collection, *Murgunstrumm and Others*, most of your stories feature male protagonists. In many cases, the female characters might be described as "sex objects, complete with firm, round ivory breasts." Is this not a chauvinistic treatment of women? Do females ever play leading roles in your horror fiction?

HBC: The stories in *Murgunstrumm and Others* in which the girls are described as having "firm, round ivory breasts," are those from *Spicy Mystery Magazine*. I doubt you are familiar with the "Spicy Group," but they were considered quite sexy in their day. No one ever did anything sexy, but the ladies had to be described at every opportunity. In stories other than those written for this group, I believe my women were reasonably normal, except, of course, most of the pulp magazines I wrote for featured male leads. In this regard, I didn't write for the so-called "women's pulps," such as *Love Story*. On moving into the slicks, I did a number of stories in which women or girls played the leading roles, and several of these were pretty popular. One, "Extra Girl," from the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been reprinted a number of times in anthologies. Another, "Danger By Night," from *Today's Woman*, was done on television with David Niven playing the part of her husband. There are, of course, lots of women in my novels.

JE: Members of the medical community are notorious skeptics (Karl Wagner excluded!). Doctors play a pivotal role in several of your horror tales, among them "Murgunstrumm," "The Brotherhood of Blood" and "Maxon's Mistress." Is medical skepticism an effective horror technique? Is it a useful springboard from which to advance ideas about unexplained phenomena?

HBC: I suppose doctors creep into horror stories more than other kinds of tales because other characters need them for treatment after encountering the ghosts, monsters, or whatever. In that sense, they are certainly useful, and their medical skepticism would seem a natural device for furthering the suspense.

JE: Like most fantasy-horror writers, you've written your fair share of tales about vampires. How many ways can a vampire story be told? Do you run the risk of cliché with tales involving subjects, such as vampires, haunted houses, monsters, and such? How do you avoid this pitfall?

HBC: I'm just about convinced that all vampire stories, including the half dozen or so that I have perpetrated, are merely copies of *Dracula*. Well, perhaps not "copies" but "extensions." I won't be writing any more of them for the simple reason that I can't think of any way out of the rut -- or should I say out of the coffin? With haunted houses, monsters, and such, the risk of cliché is not so great, because these things are less restricting. I can think of a hundred different jollies that could be set against the background of a haunted house, and a fair number of monsters that haven't yet been created. But *Dracula*, the Frankenstein monster, the Wolf Man, the Mummy -- these are too well defined and too well known. For me, that is. Other writers may feel there is still some blood in these old corpses.

JE: To what extent does a book or magazine illustration enhance the effectiveness of a horror story? Are monsters and corpses best left to the imagination? Does detailed illustration detract from the power of a tale?

HBC: That's a touchy question. My

collection, *Murgunstrum and Others*, was illustrated by one of the best horror artists in the business, for which he won a World Fantasy Award for his drawings. I think his pictures in the book are absolutely tops. However, when I'm reading a story, I don't always appreciate having an illustration there to shape my idea of what the writer is saying. This is especially true where it concerns a fantasy creature. I think, as you suggest, that monsters, corpses, ghosts and such are best left to the reader's imagination. Yet, some of Lee Brown Coye's haunted houses -- especially the inn in "Murgunstrum" -- knock this opinion of mine to a cocked hat. And that picture of the rat on the table, with "Arthur loves Betsy" carved in the table-top ... oh, brother!

JE: What advice would you give to upcoming fantasy-horror writers? Are there still many untapped story ideas or are the classic themes the most profitable?

HBC: The whole field of study in psychic phenomena is constantly expanding, and I would try to keep up with it, just as science fiction writers try to keep abreast of new developments in their field. The classic fantasy-horror themes are stale now. I try to avoid them.

JE: Finally, what kinds of writing are you doing today? Are you writing any new fantasy novels? What other projects interest you at the present time? What do you have

scheduled for future publication?

HBC: I'm writing several fantasy novels. Perhaps that's the wrong word, because they aren't the J. R. R. Tolkien kind of thing, but stories of fantasy-terror laid against real backgrounds I'm familiar with, such as the West Indies, Florida, and New England. My latest book, *Legion of the Dead*, was published this past July by Avon. As I mentioned, it's about a Caribbean dictator who uses an army of zombies to stay in power. From Dell, but I haven't been told when, will be *The Nebulon Horror*, about a gang of possessed kids who take over a small Florida town. By then, Karl Wagner will be working on his collection of my weird-menace yarns from the old *Horror Stories*, *Terror Tales*, *Dime Mystery Magazine*, etc., and there will be out from Longman's Ltd., a collection of my *Good Housekeeping* short stories for use in English classes worldwide. In the hands of my agent is a Haitian voodoo-sorcery novel, *Mission to Margal*, which I discussed earlier, and which she says is the best thing I've done since returning to the fantasy field. In the typewriter is a Florida-Jamaica tale of sorcery and obeh which ought to keep me busy for the next four or five months. Meanwhile, Stuart Schiff has a couple of my short stories, one of which he is using in his Doubleday anthology, *Whispers II*, while the other was bought for his magazine.

-- Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot

"The Outlook"

...continued from page 5.

tole will appear under the Wallaby imprint this spring.

Our biggest new venture for 1980 is certainly the launch of our hardcover line in March. Books edited by our department will appear monthly as Simon & Schuster hardcovers, and be reprinted by Pocket Books the next year. We'll be doing a lot of fantasy and science fantasy, beginning with *Alfred Bester's* new novel, *Golem100*, which combines text with illustrations by Jack Gaughan in a revolutionary new style. *The Shadow of the Torturer* will be the first volume of a tetralogy by Gene Wolfe, "The Book of the New Sun," set in a future, much like *Jack Vance's* Dying Earth, so distant that the commonplace appears magical. Spring 1980 will also see *The Vampire Tapestry* by Suzy McKee Charnas, a continuation of the story

"The Ancient Mind at Work" that appeared in *Omnit* last year.

This report seems to contain more fact than publishing philosophy. Our prime commitment in fantasy and science fiction is to quality and variety, and we hope that our offerings convey this to you.

-- David G. Hartwell
John Douglas
Ellen Kushner

"Magazines"

...continued from page 14.

Druid in Fact and Fantasy" by William Fawcett.

The Dragon is published monthly, usually runs 48 pages, and generally features some attractive artwork, much of it in full color. Single copies are priced at \$2.60 and subscriptions are \$24 for 13

issues. TSR Hobbies, P. O. Box 110, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. And, if you're already into gaming, I would imagine *The Dragon* is a must.

DIFFERENT WORLDS

Of perhaps somewhat lesser interest to non-gamers is another fantasy and SF gaming magazine entitled *Different Worlds*. I say of "lesser interest" only because it has yet to feature fiction and general interest articles; it is aimed more directly at gamers and appears to be an excellent magazine (as judged by a non-gamer). Each issue generally runs 40 pages plus heavy, full color covers. Published bimonthly, it is currently in its fourth issue. Single copies are \$2 and subscriptions are \$10.50 per year. The Chaosium, P. O. Box 6302, Albany, CA 94706.

paperbacks

DELL FANTASY & SF

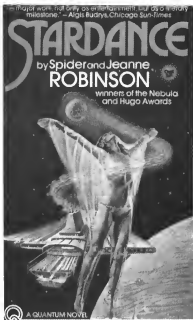
Dell's fantasy release for February will be the first paperback publication of *Who Fears the Devil?* by Manly Wade Wellman, a collection of his John the Balladeer tales, first published by Arkham House in 1963. The book will sport a cover by Rowena Morrill and interior illustrations by Tim Kirk.

The fourth volume in Dell's Binary Star series will feature two novellas: *Legacy* by Joan D. Vinge and *The Janus Equation* by Steven G.

Artist: Rowena Morrill



Artist: Kresiek



Spruill. The volume will be illustrated by Jack Gaughan and each novella will be followed by an afterword written by the other author.

Also making its first paperback appearance from Dell will be *Star-dance* by Spider and Jeanne Robinson. The reprint this month is *The Penultimate Truth* by Philip K. Dick.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Two original novels due out from Berkley in February are *Faith of Tarot* by Piers Anthony, the conclusion to his long Tarot novel that began with *God of Tarot* and *Vision of Tarot*, and *Shadows Out of Hell* by Andrew J. Offutt, the second volume in his Iron Lords series.

The Golden Man is a new collection of 15 stories by Philip K. Dick that includes the title story plus: "Return Match," "The King of the Elves," "The Mold of Yancy," "Not By Its Cover," "The Little Black Box," "The Unreconstructed M," "The War With the Fnools," "The Last of the Masters," "Meddler," "A Game of Unchance," "Sales Pitch," "Precision Artifact," "Small Town," and "The Pre-Persons." Included are an introduction and story notes by the author and a foreword by Mark Hurst.

Reprints for February are *The Book of Robert E. Howard*, edited by Glenn Lord, and the first paperback edition of *Catacomb Years* by Michael Bishop, published just a year ago in hardcover by Berkley/Putnam.

Also scheduled for February is

Artist: Rowena Morrill



the second edition of *The Berkley Preview*, a free book that contains excerpts from upcoming Berkley releases. This second edition will feature an excerpt from John Varley's *Titan*.

DEL REY BOOKS

Coming from Del Rey Books in February is the first paperback edition of *The Mountains of Paradise* by Arthur C. Clarke, published in hardcover by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and excerpted in *Playboy* last January. Science Fiction originals for February are *The Infinitive of Go* by John Brunner, a novel about the first matter transmitter, and *The New Atoms' Bombshell* by Robert Browne, a baseball novel of the 21st century in which computer technology helps a bad team win the pennant.

Reissues this month are *The Reavers of Skait* by Leigh Brackett, *To Walk the Night* by William Sloane, and *The Trouble With Tribbles* by David Gerrold.

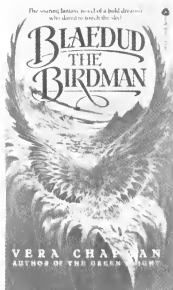
ZEBRA BOOKS

Slated for February publication from Zebra Books are two new additions to editor Roy Torgeson's original anthology series, *Other Worlds* and *Chrysalis*.

Other Worlds #2 will feature ten stories: "The Man Who Lived in Kaleidoscope Glass" by James Tucker, "The Places of Aache" by Roger Zelazny, "When Tommy Came Home" by Spencer Chilton Murodt, "The Bloody Beast" by Orson Scott Card, "The Sparrow and the Wizard" by John P. Boyd, "One Night a Year" by Tamith Lee, "A Frenzied Beast of Wings" by C. Bruce Hunter, "A World Beyond Our Dreams" by Bill Pronstitt, "There Beneath the Silky-Trees and Whelmed in Deepest Gulphs Than Me" by Avram Davidson, and an excerpt from *Poul Anderson's* forthcoming *The Last Viking*.

Chrysalis #7 will contain: "Deus Ex Corporis" by Leanne Frahm, "We'll Have Such A Good Time, Lover" by Edward Bryant, "Stretch Forth Thine Hand" by Gregory Long, "Sonata for Three Electrodes" by Thomas F. Monteleone, "Forests of Night" by Karl Hansen, "The Artist in the Small Room Above" by Al Sarantonio, "The Form That Fetters" by Keith Allen Daniels, "A Cross-Country Trip to Kill President Nixon" by Orson Scott Card, "A Long Way Home" by Paul H. Cook, "Don't Look Back" by Pat Murphy, and "Of Crystalline Labyrinths and the New Creation" by Michael Bishop.

Originally scheduled for February, but now apparently delayed, was *The Last Viking*, Vol. 1 by Poul Anderson.



AVON BOOKS

In February, Michael McDowell, author of *The Amulet*, returns with a new horror novel entitled *Cold Moon Over Babylon*. In the small Florida town of Babylon, a killer "beyond the grasp of earthly law" commits a series of brutal murders and is later haunted by the ghosts of his victims. The book will be an Avon original, accompanied by a reissue of *The Amulet*.

Two Avon originals in the U.S. in February will be *Blaedud the Birdman*, a fantasy novel based upon the British legend of a prince who wanted to fly, by Vera Chapman, and *Perilous Planets*, an SF anthology edited by Brian Aldiss. The latter is a collection of 17 stories of galactic exploration from the SF magazines and includes works by Clifford Simak, Norman Spinrad, Robert Silverberg, Frederick Pohl, and Damon Knight, among others.

Scheduled for reprinting is *A is for Anything* by Damon Knight.

BANTAM BOOKS

February releases from Bantam Books will lead off with the first paperback edition of *Dragondrums* by Anne McCaffrey, her sixth "Dragon" book and the conclusion to her "Harper Hall" trilogy, published in hardcover last year by Atheneum. The promotional campaign for the book will include a number of author appearances.

Bantam originals for February include *Joequake*, an SF thriller by Crawford Kilian. In 1985, solar flares bombard the Earth, its magnetic field disappears and the polar ice caps begin to disintegrate. In Antarctica, a small group of scientists fight to escape, not realizing the world is undergoing another ice

age. It will be marketed as a mainstream novel.

Sundiver is another original by a new author, David Brin; an SF novel about the discovery of life forms on the surface of the Sun and an expedition to the Sun in search of the origins of human intelligence.

Yet another original novel is the latest "Star Trek Experience" by Jack C. Haldeman II entitled *Perry's Planet*. A reprint for February is *Camp Concentration* by Thomas M. Disch.

POCKET BOOKS

A whole raft of titles to report on from Pocket Books in February. Three originals are *Watchstar* by Pamela Sargent, *The Catalyst* by Charles L. Harness, and *The Harbinger* by Michael T. Hinkemeyer.

Watchstar is a far future SF adventure novel concerning two human societies, one inhabiting a post-technological Earth and the other a halo of comets in the outer solar system. The young heroine of the novel is about to make the rite of passage in her own world when she is distracted by revelations of other worlds.

In *The Catalyst*, chemical plants in the U.S. and Germany race to perfect a new wonder drug that will revolutionize the 21st century, while a young patent attorney holds the catalyst that can make it happen. And *The Harbinger* is a new occult horror novel about a haunted home in Long Island and the young family that buys it.

Making their first paperback appearances in February are two novels and a non-fiction volume. *A Shadow of Gulls*, originally pub-

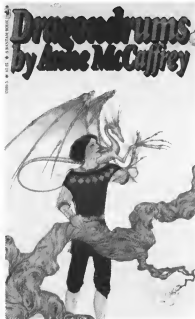
lished by Fontana in Britain, is a Celtic fantasy novel by Patricia Finney, about a poet/musician who accidentally kills the queen's consort and flees to begin the life of a warrior. *The Emead* by Jan Mark is an SF novel about three society misfits on the planet Erato where it is unsafe to be an individual. The non-fiction volume is *Voices From the Sky*, a collection of essays on such subjects as starships, solar winds, and satellite communications, by Arthur C. Clarke.

Reprints this month are *The Unsleeping Eye* by D. G. Compton, *The Best of Keith Laumer*, and *The Hero From Otherwhere* by Jay Williams. The latter is a juvenile release under the Archway imprint. Another Archway release is *Miss Pickereil* and *The Weather Satellite* by Ellen MacGregor and Dora Pantell.

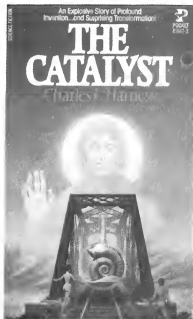
January releases from Pocket Books that I was unable to cover last issue include two originals: *Eyes of Fire* by Michael Bishop, a revision of his earlier novel, *A Funeral for the Eyes of Fire*; and *Wave Rider* by Hilbert Schenck, a collection of five of his stories about the ocean. The stories are "The Morphology of the Kirkham Wreck," "Three Days at the End of the World," "Buoyant Ascent," "Wave Rider" and "The Battle of the Abco Reefs."

Also scheduled are the first paperback edition of *Star Lord* by Louise Lawrence and reprints of *High Justice* by Jerry Pournelle and *The Puppies of Terra* by Thomas M. Disch (prev. title: *Mankind Under the Leash*).

Archway releases are the first in the "Miss Pickereil" series, *Miss Pickereil on the Moon* by Ellen MacGregor and Dora Pantell, and *The*



Artist: Elizabeth MacGregor



Monsters of Star Trek by Daniel Cohen, illustrated with stills from the TV series.

ACE BOOKS

Destinies #6, for Feb-Mar 1980, will feature a new Dorsai story by Gordon R. Dickson entitled "Lost Dorsai." The story is a short version of what will eventually be an illustrated novel from Ace. Also included will be material by Orson Scott Card, Norman Spinrad, David Drake, Frederik Pohl, Ian Watson, Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, and Gregory Benford.

An Ace original for February is *Unisave* by Azei Madsen, an SF novel about population control on a "standing room only" Earth with 24 billion people. Men and women are allowed to have only one child each and when that proves insufficient to control the population, a lottery is begun to eliminate one out of every three people over 65.

William E. Cochran's Class Six Climb, serialized in *Analog* just a few months back, will see its first book publication as "An Analog Book" in February. The novel centers around a 4600-meter tall tree on the planet Kyle Murie which is the ultimate challenge to a team of three climbers and an obstacle on the road to power to a Star Service captain who wants to destroy it.

Reprints for February include the first mass-market paperback edition of *Daughter of the Bright Moon* by Lynn Abbey, *The Wizard of Anharitte* by Colin Kapp, *Dorsai!* by Gordon R. Dickson, and *Dragon Magic* by Andre Norton. The latter is part of a seven-title promotion that also includes *Breed to Come*, *The Crossroads of Time*, *Eye of the Monster*, *Knave of Dreams*, *Star Born* and *Star Hunter/Voodoo Planet*.

DAW-SF

Scheduled for February from DAW Books is the climax to C. J. Cherryh's "Faded Sun" series, *The Faded Sun: Kutath*. The novel was a fall 1979 selection from the SF Book Club.

The Keeper's Price is a new anthology of Darkover stories by Marion Zimmer Bradley and the "Friends of Darkover." The volume is a collection of stories based upon Bradley's world of Darkover and written by a number of her fans. Also included are three new Darkover stories by Bradley along with editorial commentary.

Barrington J. Bayley's newest SF novel is *The Garments of Caean*, about a world where clothes literally "make the man." On the planet Caean, clothes made from Prossim



C.J. CHERRYH THE FADED SUN: KUTATH

A Science Fiction Book Club Selection



Artist: H. R. Van Dongen



cloth impart magical effects that include making you handsome, changing your personality and providing charisma. A space pirate by the name of Peder Forbarth sets out to corner the Prossim market to conquer the galaxy.

Also slated is a reprint of Jack Vance's SF novel, *The Five Gold Bands*. The reissue this month is *Diadem from the Stars* by Jo Clayton.

SIGNET

Coming from Signet in February is the first U.S. publication of *The Spear*, James Herbert's neo-Nazi occult horror novel, first published in Great Britain in 1978. It will be backed by a fairly strong promotional campaign that includes an eight-page preview booklet to be distributed to retailers. For a note on the original British edition, see Mike Ashley's column this issue.

A reprint scheduled for February is Robert A. Heinlein's *Methuselah's Children*.

PLAYBOY PRESS

Coming from Playboy Press in February is the first paperback edition of *Unto Zeor, Forever* by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, her second novel of the future where humanity has mutated into to races: the Gen and the Sime. It was published in hardcover by Doubleday in 1978.

CBS PUBLICATIONS

A Fawcett Gold Medal original due in February is *Walkers* by Gary Brandner, a horror novel about a drowning victim who is revived after being clinically dead for a few minutes, only to be pursued by the Walkers — the Dead who are trying to claim her for their own.

The Future in Question, edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin Greenberg and Joseph Olander, is a new anthology of 18 classic stories. Each title in the anthology asks a question and included are such popular stories as "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell, "What's It Like Out There?" by Edmond Hamilton, "Who Can Replace A Man?" by Brian W. Aldiss and "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" by Theodore Sturgeon.

Under the Popular Library imprint, watch for a revised edition of *Yesterday's Children* by David Gerrold, first published by Dell in 1972. It's a space opera about an antiquated, patched-up space destroyer and its malcontent crew. The volume features a new introduction by Diane Duane.

the fan press

NIGHT VOYAGES

Just out from Creative Images is *Night Voyages* #5, featuring an interview with Tony de Zuniaga, profiles of Catherine and L. Sprague de Camp and Charles L. Grant, a five-page graphic story entitled "Willow at the World's End," and two stories: "Leda's Last Child" by Della Colantone and "...And Die. And Die..." by Rick Wilber. Artwork is by Randal Spangler, Paul Daly, H. P. Wermer, Charles Pitte, Joan Woods, Paul Cordell and F. Newton Burroughs.

The 44-page issue, plus heavy enamel covers, is priced at \$2 plus 40c postage from: Gerald Brown, P. O. Box 175, Freeburg, IL 62243.

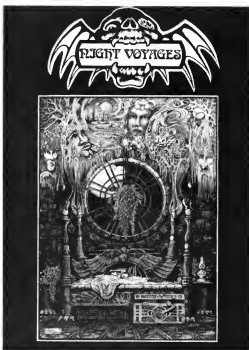
JUST PULP

Just Pulp, subtitled *The Magazine of Popular Fiction*, is a digest size quarterly of new fiction and poetry that occasionally features some fantasy and science fiction. The current issue is #8, for Spring-Summer, 1979 and is 100 pages in length, neatly typeset, and perfect bound with stiff covers. For the most part, *Just Pulp* features mainstream fiction, with a sprinkling of mystery, adventure and fantasy. Editor Robert Moore has expressed an interest in featuring more fantasy. Although not a paying market, he has managed to attract some good material in the three years he has been publishing. Subscriptions are \$5 per year or \$9 for two years. Single copies are \$1.50. Robert Moore, Hidden People Press, P. O. Box 243, Narragansett, RI 02882.

THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT

No, this isn't *The Arabian Nights*, but *The Book of the Thousand Iorbian Nights and A Night*, "translated and annotated" (written and published) by Kevin C. Julius. And it's a pretty fair takeoff on the original in which two young brothers make love to four women only to find that the price is death. To delay their sacrifice, one brother begins telling the other a story which intrigues the four women. And via the story-within-a-story-within-a-story technique, they prolong their existence.

Volume one is a 44-page digest size booklet with plastic covers, complete with annotations defining



Artist: Randal Spangler

Iorbian names and terminology. It is limited to 125 copies and priced at \$2.75, postpaid. Kevin C. Julius, 528 Fair Ave., Erie, PA 16511.

XENOPHILE

After a long hiatus, *Xenophile* has returned to life with a 156-page 5th anniversary issue (#42). Since 1974, *Xenophile* has been known as the fantasy advertiser for collectors wanting to buy or sell fantasy, SF, mystery, detective and hero-pulp literature. For the better part of 1974-78, it appeared on a very regular basis. Only two issues have appeared in the past 18 months and publisher Nils Hardin plans to get back onto a bimonthly schedule with the January 1980 issue.

Included in this 5th anniversary issue are a number of editorial features, occupying some 60 pages. Included are an interview with Philip Jose Farmer, an article on his version of Doc Savage, a definitive index to *Unknown* magazine with information compiled directly from Street & Smith payment records, an illustrated article on pulp artist Walter Baumhofer, and articles on Leigh Brackett, L. Ron Hubbard, Henry Kuttner, *Strange Tales* magazine, *The Masked Rider* and *Secret Agent 'X'*.

Single copies of this issue

are \$2. Subscriptions are \$10 per year via bulk rate, \$22 per year via first class mail. Nils Hardin, P. O. Box 9660, Kirkwood Branch, St. Louis, MO 63122.

AGE OF THE UNICORN

Another fantasy advertiser serving the fantasy, SF, mystery and pulp collecting field, that has maintained a strict bimonthly publishing schedule over the past year is *The Age of the Unicorn*.

Issue #5, for December, is an 80-page issue, of which 36 pages are devoted to editorial material. Included are articles on the Six Million Dollar Man, the movie serials, pulp writer Donald Barr Chidsey, Arthur Conan Doyle's horror-fantasy stories, and an article on collecting by Basil Wells, along with several pages of book and magazine reviews.

Subscriptions are \$8.00 per year via bulk rate, \$12 per year via first class mail. Michael L. Cook, 3318 Wimberg Ave., Evansville, IN 47712.

DARKOVER NEWSLETTER

The Darkover Newsletter continues to appear on a roughly quarterly basis from Marion Zimmer Bradley and The Friends of Darkover, although recent issues have been less frequent double issues. The current #19-20 issue runs 28 pages with material by Bradley and Jacqueline Lichtenberg, news of interest to Darkover fans, and loads of letters. They no longer list any kind of membership fee, but I believe this issue is priced at \$1. Inquire at: The Friends of Darkover, Box 72, Berkeley, CA 94701.

THE WESTMARCH CHRONICLE

Another one-author newsletter is *The Westmarch Chronicle*, published bimonthly for "The Tolkien Fellowships" by Bernie Zuber. The current issue for Nov.-Dec. is Vol. 3, #4, and is eight neatly offset pages of news and reviews for Tolkien fans. Subscriptions are \$3 per year from Bernie Zuber, P. O. Box 8853, San Marino, CA 91108.

EXTRO

Extro #4, formerly *Popular Music & SF Journal*, has appeared from

Robert Allen in Great Britain in a new, 28-page, 84" by 12" format. The issue is about two-thirds devoted to science fiction and fantasy and features bibliographical articles on John Brunner and Robert Silverberg, part 4 of "Starweb" (fiction) by Jared Chalanoff, and about seven pages of book reviews, in addition to news.

Extro is published eight times a year and now has a U.S. agent. Single copies are \$1.80 postpaid and subscriptions are \$15 per year from Melissa Ann Singer, 68-61 Yellowstone Blvd., Apt. 304, Forest Hills, NY 11375. In the UK, single copies are 60p postpaid and subscriptions are £4-50. Robert Allen, 216 Mosely Road, Fallowfield, Manchester M14 6PB.

BRAIN CANDY

Brain Candy is the rather exotic title of a magazine of SF commentary published three times a year by Jason Keehn. The current issue, #4, features interviews with Ted White and Karl Kofoed, a column on music by Dan Joy, a 4-page graphic story entitled "Outcome," book reviews and a long letters column. Artwork is by editor Keehn, Julian Kermes, Matt Howarth and Wade Gilbreath, among others.

This issue is a 32-page double issue priced at \$2, postpaid. Subscriptions are \$3 for the next two issues. Back issues, which have featured articles on such fantasy writers as Lovecraft and Hodgson, are still available. Jason Keehn, 38 Hannum Dr., Apt. 18, Ardmore, PA 19003.

BRAINCANDY



TED WHITE KARL KOFOED

Artist: Wade Gilbreath

STARSHIP/SF CHRONICLE

Starship #37, for Winter, features part one of "The Silverberg Papers" by Robert Silverberg, Fredrik Pohl on "You Can Take the Boy Out of Fandom, But You Can't Take the Fannishness Out of the Boy," "Zenna Henderson's People" by Sandra Miesel, an interesting interview with Ian and Betty Ballantine (reprinted from *Publishers Weekly*), "History and Science Fiction" by Poul Anderson, and the usual film column by Robert Stewart, art column by Vincent DiFate and book reviews by Richard Lupoff. This will be Lupoff's last book review column; he and Miesel will be switching places as columnist and book reviewer in future issues.

The 68-page issue sports a full color cover painting by C. Lee Healy. *Starship* is the largest circulation non-newstand SF magazine around, priced at \$2.25 per copy. Subscriptions are \$8 per year for 4 quarterly issues.

Also available from the same publisher is *SF Chronicle*, the newest monthly SF news magazine, now in its 4th issue, dated January 1980. The 16-page magazine, newsletter in format, is primarily SF oriented, but overlaps both *Locust* and *Fantasy Newsletter*. Subscriptions are still available at \$8.00 per year, although the rate will be increasing to \$12.00 per year on January 1st. Andrew Porter, P. O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017.

STAR SWARM NEWS

Some months back, an outfit known as Araceli Karri, Inc. contacted me about the forthcoming publication of a newspaper entitled *Star Swarm News*. And they indicated they would be buying 200,000 free-lanced words per year, on average, at 1c per word.

The charter issue of *Star Swarm News* has appeared and I am anything but overwhelmed with it. This is a 24-page tabloid on newsprint that features a reprinted Isaac Asimov article ("Is It Wise to Contact Advanced Civilizations?"), a profile of SF writer Stephen Tall, a couple of short science articles (that I think are legit), a lot of "cutesy" fictitious news items, a tiny amount of convention news (4 cons), three fanzine reviews, several fictitious letters, a page of fictitious classified ads, a horoscope, and an editorial on how difficult it is to publish a first issue.

I am absolutely sick with the thought of what a 24-page tabloid newspaper could be versus the reality. The publisher is either inten-

tionally aiming at a 10-year-old, non-SF mentality, or he completely lacks even a rudimentary understanding of today's sophisticated fantasy and SF audience.

I sincerely hope that publisher W. D. Farrell and editor Steve Miller decide to turn this thing around and seriously address the SF and fantasy community; their contribution to the field could be significant. It would be unfortunate if they decide to continue muddling along with this half-hearted attitude aimed at the Saturday morning kiddie crowd.

Planned are 18 issues per year. Trial subscriptions are 3 issues for \$1; a year's subscription is \$8 in the U.S., \$25 elsewhere. If you're hell-bent on throwing away money, send it to *The Star Swarm News*, Box 803, Orbit-11, Gaithersburg, MD 20760.

THE DIVERSIFIER

Chet Clingan has announced he will resume publication of *The Diversifier*, beginning with issue #30 in January, 1980. The new *Diversifier* will be a quarterly, averaging 62 pages per issue, and will include articles and interviews in addition to fiction in the SF, fantasy, swords & sorcery and horror genres. Chet is now accepting story submissions; the payment rate is 1/4c per word upon acceptance. He would also like to hear from contributors who have not received payment for past material as well as subscribers who did not receive the last issue. Chet Clingan, P. O. Box 1836, Orville, CA 95965.

FANTASY TALES

Due out shortly in Great Britain is the fifth issue of *Fantasy Tales*, the magazine of fiction in the *Weird Tales* tradition. The contents slated for this issue are: "Extension 201" by Cyril Simsa, "The Thing in the Moonlight" by H. P. Lovecraft and Brian Lumley (reprinted from *The Arkham Collector*), "For the Life Everlasting" by Brian Mooney, "Don't Open That Door" by Frances Garfield (Mrs. Manly Wade Wellman), "Just Another Vampire Story" by Randall Garrett, and poetry by H. Warner Munn, Gordon Larkin, Steve Eng and Simon Ounsley.

Single copies are \$2.75, including overseas postage, and may be ordered from Stephen Jones, 33 Wren House, Tachbrook Estate, London SW1V 3QD, England. Back issues #2 through #4 are still available. Highly recommended, as I've noted here before.

Crispin Burnham recently published his sixth issue of *Eldritch Tales*, another massive 136-page omnibus volume, printed on book paper in a digest size format and perfect bound with heavy covers, and completely typeset with a very attractive typeface.

Contents this issue include the conclusions to "Dreams of the Dreamer" by Joseph Hammond and "The Gunfight Against Nyarlathotep" by Randall Larson, "Cleanthis Leonides (Or, Haggopian's Third Wife)" by Phyllis Rose and Phil Panaggio, "A Final Memoir" by W. F. Waldrip, "The Quest for Unknown Amherst" by Glenn A. and Philip J. Rahman, and "A Dialogue" by John Tibbetts. Poetry is by R. S. Harding, Jim Pianfetti, Don Broyles, Thomas M. Egan, Steve Eng, Joey Froehlich, Bruce D. Griffiths, Frederick J. Mayer, Janet Fox and Dave Reeder. Artists include: Lillian Burnham, Harry Morris, Jr., Jim Pianfetti, John Tibbetts, Joe West, Allen Koszowski and Michael Martin.

Single copies of *Eldritch Tales* #6 are priced at \$5; subscriptions are 4 issues for \$15. Crispin Burnham, 1051 Wellington Road, Lawrence, KS 66044.

Pandora #4, subtitled "an original anthology of role-expanding science fiction and fantasy," features the following stories: "Does Not A Statistic Bleed?" by Jayce Carr, "Chasta's Hungry Confessions" by Meg Files, "The Drone-Killer" by Steve Barnes, "The Last Night of the Troll" by Janice Frank, "Death Ring" by Janet Fox, and "Still-Life Revolt" by Albert Russo. Also included are a number of book reviews, letters, and poetry by Thomas M. Dish, Lois Wickstrom, and Albert Russo. Artists this issue include Victoria Poyser, Celeste Levy, Mike Harper, Gary Raham, Jim Hammel, Steve Fox and David Sandoval.

Pandora is a 64-page, digest size booklet, printed on book paper and perfect bound into heavy, enamel covers, featuring a full color cover illustration by Vance Kirkland. Single copies are priced at \$2.50 and subscriptions are 4 issues for \$6. Lois Wickstrom, 1150 St. Paul St., Denver, CO 80206.

PRELUDE TO FANTASY

Out from Hans-Peter Werner is his second issue of *Prelude to Fantasy*. Included in the issue are

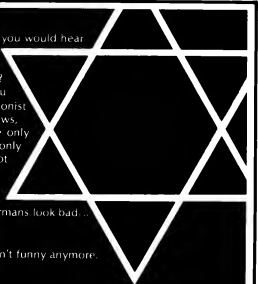
three stories: "Sessinnah" by B. Richard Parks, "The Wings of Lirialthe" by Ardath Mayhar, and "The Dance" by Galad Elflandson. Also included is a lot of poetry by too many people to list here, an article entitled "S.F.—Serious Fiction" by Robert E. Moore, and artwork by Paul Cordell, Larry Dickson, Georgie Schnobrich and editor Werner.

The 28-page, digest size issue appears to be printed by a Xerographic process and is priced at \$1. No subscriptions are available, although #1 is still available at \$1. Hans-Peter Werner, Rt. 3, Box 193, Richland Center, WI 53581.

FANZINE PUBLISHING

Announced for February publication by Ben Fulves at Unknown Press is *Comments on the Fine Art of Fanzine Publishing*. This will be "an illustrated, half-sized booklet detailing many of the fine points of fanzine publishing." Included will be information on reproduction techniques ranging from hectography to offset printing. The edition will be limited to 200 copies and is priced at \$1.50. Ben Fulves, 25 Parkway, Montclair, NJ 07042.

Remember the funny names you would hear others call the Jews? Names like kike and yid and hebe and Christ-killer. Remember? And how about the stories you heard? Plague carriers. The Zionist bankers' conspiracy. Don't Jews, women and men, menstruate only four times a year? And then only from the ears? Wasn't that a hot one? Pardon? Oh, you heard that the Nazi holocaust was mostly fabrication; Zionist propaganda to make the Germans look bad. It's all true. Blind prejudice made it so. And the names and stories aren't funny anymore.



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BY HOWARD WALDROP

Featured with Mr. Waldrop's story in *SHAYOL* #3 are additional new works of fiction by MICHAEL BISHOP, TOM RIAN, LISA TUTTLE, STEVEN UTLEY, TANITH LEE, C. J. CHERRY, and LEE LACY, features by MARTY KITE, CLAUDE BOLIC, and LEWIS SHINER, editorials, reviews, letter column, interview with STEPHEN KING, and quality illustrations by TIM KIRK, ROBERT HARRIS, RICHARD CORBIN, HOWIE CHAYKIN, RICH CRANDALL, BARBARA SHIT, HANK JANKS, CLYDE CALDWELL, and a portfolio by STEPHEN FABIAN. Color covers by Thomas Blackbear and Jan Schwab encase the completely updated edition. \$1.00 per copy, \$4.00 for a four-issue subscription. Subscriptions can begin with issue #1 while supplies last. All remaining copies of *SHAYOL* #1 are autographed by Lisa Tuttle; remaining copies of #2 are autographed by Tim Kirk.

SHAYOL Magazine of F&SF

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"On Fantasy" by Fritz Leiber
...continued from page 4.

bubbling inventive power -- *Unknown*, with its unique blend of logic and the irrational, the mod and the morbid, the scientific and the scatty. No question but he'd have hit *Unknown* easily if he'd been writing in the early 1940s, the thought of which fills me with a sentimental joy. He's especially good -- "The Mangler," "Trucks" -- on those tales of machines that come catastrophically alive, jiggering their controls by a steely telekinesis, of which the best example (though published in *Astounding* after *Unknown's* demise) is Sturgeon's "Killdozer."

"The Mangler" is the best of these, a tale of an ironing machine that runs amuck in a commercial laundry. His characters rediscover the mathematics of magic (old *Unknown* standby; check *Maglo, Incorporated* or *Conjure Wife*) to check it, but as the story ends the machine is still heading out to destroy the universe.

I'd like to make a final deduction: Since King's stories would have sold to *Unknown*, they should have sold to the fantasy and science fiction magazines in the 1970s. But they didn't, which to my mind proves that he never submitted any of them there -- not out of any sort of snobbishness, I feel sure, but for fear of slanting his stories for that specialized market, or of writing just well enough to hit it.

Youth, youth -- it's wonderful.

-- Fritz Leiber

"The British Scene" by Mike Ashley
...continued from page 10.

hardback from NEL in March. Herbert says of the book, "The Dark is an attempt to say there is no such thing as the supernatural -- science can explain everything. Of course, I destroy my whole thesis in the last chapter."

James Herbert's work may have been overlooked by some. He has not appeared in the magazines and his first novel, *The Rats* (NEL,

1974), had unprecedented success with what, for devotees of weird fiction, was an unoriginal theme. Herbert's last novel, *Lair* (1979) was a sequel to *The Rats*. His other novels -- and they are all worth looking for -- are *The Fog* (1975), *The Survivor* (1976), which won the Grand Prix de la Littérature Fantastique, and *Fluke* (1977).

Another very successful writer is *Tamith Lee*, the quality of whose novels is only matched by their quantity. Her next book from DAW will be *Sabella*, a science fiction vampire novel. She says of it, "...it's possible this book may shock in places. It certainly shocked me when I was writing it."

After that, from DAW, will be a large science fantasy, probably to be called *Day by Night*. "This one has a grand stage stocked with characters, some green skies, some wickedness, and a certain amount of anguish."

Further in the future from DAW will be *Kill the Dead*, "an extremely occult fantasy tale" that Miss Lee was working on at the Worldcon. Her next project will be a hardback for Macmillan, a novel for young adults to be called *Phavia*. "It will have a touch of the Greek-Revivals of Regency England carried to various extremes."

Puffin Books, the juvenile imprint of Penguin, recently issued in paperback her earlier children's fantasy *East of Midnight*, with *The Castle of Dark* to follow.

As if that is not enough, she currently has a science fiction play under consideration with BBC Radio, and a script for the BBC-TV series *Blake's Seven*.

Talking of television and radio, we have been very fortunate in Britain of late. During September and October, the BBC transmitted a series of five programmes on SF writers, much of which was filmed at Seacon. The series covered *Arthur C. Clarke*, *John Brunner*, *Michael Moorcock*, *Anne McCaffrey* and a final one on the Worldcon and SF in general.

As I write, we are currently half-way through the long-awaited fourth *Quatermass* serial, scripted

as always by *Nigel Kneale*. Kneale has a knack with scripts like few other writers and, like the three previous *Quatermass* serials on which I was spawned in the 1950s, this one is compelling if not so startling viewing. Set in the near future, it portrays an England where society has collapsed, with urban warfare, and with bands of "hippies" -- the Planet People, roving the countryside. Professor Bernard Quatermass, in this series played admirably by John Mills, is looking for his granddaughter and has witnessed a horrifying spectacle at an ancient stone circle when a sudden blinding beam of light has turned the stones to powder and destroyed (?) hundreds of Planet People.

All four *Quatermass* books are currently available in paperback from Arrow Books.

Also available in paperback, from Pan Books, is *The Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy* by *Douglas Adams*, adapted from his very clever and very funny BBC Radio series. *Hitch-Hikers Guide* was runner-up to *Superman* at the Worldcon for the Hugo Award for Dramatic Presentation though, as many who were in the audience will remember, many felt it should have won. A new series of *HHG* began in January and a record is also available.

A *Quatermass* feature has been added to the lineup of issue 7 of Britain's only SF magazine, *Ad Astra*, which should have received full U.S. distribution, although negotiations are still on-going as I write. Issue 8, to be published in January, will have a feature by *Garry Hunt* on the Year of the Planets, *Ian Riddpath* on Alien Invaders, a piece on the art of *Edward Blair Wilkins*, and an interview with *Baron Johannes von Butlar* (author of *The UFO Phenomenon*). Fiction on hand for this and future issues includes pieces by *Dave Langford*, *Lord St. David*, *William Maddox*, *Rob Holdstock* and *L. Sprague de Camp*.

A *Nigel Kneale* interview is also the centre-piece of the bumper Christmas issue of *Fantasy Media*, the British *Fantasy Newsletter*. A five issue air mail subscription is \$11.00 from 194 Station Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE, England.

Just a brief note on *SF News*. Editor and publisher Robert Allen had to delay the initial launching and has now rethought the production. Instead of a tabloid, it will be printed in a somewhat similar format to *FW*, and he is hoping to issue it on a fortnightly basis from the end of February.

-- Mike Ashley

Book Reviews

Malafrena by Ursula K. Le Guin.
Berkley/Putnam, New York, October 1979, 369 pp. \$11.95

The endless journey toward the hope of freedom...that is what I found depicted in Le Guin's beautiful *Malafrena*. It is a portrait illuminated by the ceaseless light of Le Guin's singular vision.

It is a realistic novel about Orsinia, a "Central European" country that has never officially existed but bears a strong resemblance to certain countries. Indeed, the world around Orsinia is our world in the turbulent early-to-mid 1800s, when Europe was still experiencing the ripples of the post-Napoleonic era...especially its effect upon Itale Sorde. He is the son and heir of an estate owner in Malafrena Valley. And we not only experience his turbulence but that of the people surrounding him.

We follow him as he leaves his home and goes to Krasnoy, a city immersed in an underground revolutionary movement sworn to destroy Austria's domination of Orsinia. He becomes involved in putting out a rebellious magazine and learns about responsibility...and himself.

He discovers that there is more to the pursuit of freedom than writing about it. He becomes wrapped up in the trappings of life, fascinated by a rich baroness who becomes involved with his circle through a desire for a different sort of independence. She is Luisa Paludeskar.

And there are the women at home, his sister Laura and Piera, the neighbor girl who becomes a woman, waiting for his return after her excursion to the city of Aismar in search of herself.

We are shown many things about freedom, but primarily through the actions and reactions of Sorde. The women characters are supplements toward that aim -- to feel Sorde's character deeply. He starts out as a young and headstrong youth with delusions of grandeur and sparkling innocence. Through his awakening in Krasnoy, his involvements in love and politics, we watch him become a man.

This book is never pretentious or sentimental. It is romantic and, paradoxically, stark. It is not SF or fantasy. It is literature, or if you will, art.

The tendency here, is to be very subdued. There are some who believe Le Guin has been overly lauded, that she does not deserve the acclaim she has received. I am not one, although I approached this

new novel with extreme trepidation, afraid -- because it was not SF or fantasy. How foolish. Now, I've no doubt that she has evolved into an author to be reckoned with -- a poet at work in the fictional mode. I shall approach her next work with unbounded enthusiasm and I shall laugh at any label stuck upon it. She's outgrown labels.

I end this with a quote from a speech Le Guin made in Australia in 1976. She speaks of art and what it should do: "To break down the walls between us, for a moment. To bring us together in a celebration, a ceremony, an entertainment -- a mutual affirmation of understanding, or of suffering, or of joy." (*The Language of the Night*, Susan Wood, 1979.)

Malafrena becomes a work of art through the excellent style of Le Guin, her subtle shadings upon words that flow and mix like clouds. Her words are free as they speak about freedom through the life of Sorde and the ones who touch and form his life. Not many can touch what freedom is or what it can be or do. Le Guin does.

-- Melissa Mia Hall

The Second Son by Charles Saylor.
Avon Books, New York, October 1979, 374 pp. \$2.75

Dare I call this fantasy? To be sure, *The Second Son* is fantasy. But it is a book so very well written, so fast paced, with excellent characterization and a thought-provoking plot, that readers when they have finished the novel will catch themselves believing (if only for an instant) that the story really happened. And even if they do not catch themselves believing it, they will surely catch themselves wishing it were true. *The Second Son* is a wonderful book.

The story revolves around Joseph Turner, an ironworker who makes a living in the construction of skyscrapers in New York City. When Turner falls twenty-four stories to the pavement below, sits up, brushes himself off and exhibits no indication that he has been injured, not even a bruise or a scratch, he becomes newsworthy, and therefore, very well known.

It doesn't take long for Turner to realize that he is no longer the man he used to be. Shortly after the fall he takes an opportunity to heal a gunshot wound just by putting his hand over it. And when, in rescuing two children from a burning

apartment building, the stairs collapse, he is forced to come through with another miracle by trotting down non-existent steps. So word gets around that there is this fellow in the Bronx who works miracles. He is then kidnapped and taken to Rome where he meets the Pope. It seems that back in 1447 Pope Nicholas V was visited by an angel and given a prophecy: that God would send to man a "second son" who would deliver a message of life to the world. And so the Vatican declares Turner the Second Son, and Turner, unwilling at first, begins his crusade.

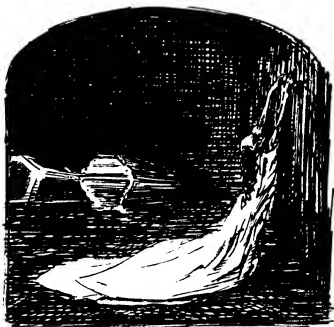
Right now, if you started looking for them, you could probably find a handful of people out there who claim to be Jesus Christ. But no one believes them. And have you ever wondered what it might be like if God really sent a sign? And what if it were an ordinary slob like me or you? Charles Saylor has put a lot of thinking into this novel.

There is a realism about it in the way that he investigates what a situation like this does to an ordinary man, his fellow ironworkers, the media, politics, and the world. I should say more than that: Charles Saylor has done a lot of intelligent thinking about religion and the current social setting in which many of us find ourselves dissatisfied. To get right down to its philosophical value, as opposed to the book's entertainment value, the "gospel" that Joseph Turner preaches is something that readers will remember long after they have put the book down. It's not going to change the world, but it does provoke some thinking and not every book does that.

On the other side of the coin, it is easy to see that Saylor had a ready-made plot outline in the life of Christ. There are many similarities, including a "last supper," and even though Saylor has done an outstanding job of writing a believable story, he has not had to exhibit an extraordinary imagination when it comes to the basic idea for the novel and many of the elements that go into building it. But this isn't really a fair criticism; after all, every writer has to get his ideas someplace.

I understand that MGM is getting ready to make a movie out of *The Second Son*. If the producers leave the book as is and make the film follow the book fairly closely, they will have a sure hit on their hands. Highly recommended.

-- David Pettus



GOthic

Gothic, a new periodical devoted to macabre fiction in the tradition of the eighteenth-century Gothic novel, is now in its second issue. **Gothic** features new fiction by contemporary authors, reprints of rare early Gothic tales, critical articles, bibliographies, and book reviews.

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